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Another Dress-Rehearsal in Spain

JUST over 20 years ago, Hitler's Wehrmacht and Luftwaffe used the Spanish Civil War as a realistic training ground for their new techniques and arms. Now they are to return, equipped with infinitely more deadly weapons.

Western public opinion – particularly in Britain – will rightly regard this latest stage in the re-armament of West Germany as a deliberate gesture of defiance against the democratic principles on which the Nato alliance is supposedly based, and as an insult to the memory of those who died, both in Spain and later throughout the world, in re-establishing the rule of international law.

It goes without saying that the proposal to lease training bases in Spain was not even notified to the West German parliament, let alone debated. It does not even seem to have been brought before the Cabinet. Herr Strauss, it appears, informed allied governments only after news of his venture had been leaked to the press. On Tuesday, after formal notification had been made to the Foreign Office and the State Department, the German Defence Ministry flatly denied that conversations with Spain had been held; the same day, the Federal Press Office, which speaks directly for Dr Adenauer, also specifically denied that Germany was attempting to seek Spanish bases. These two unvarnished lies had the sole virtue that they were immediately and inevitably detected.

It appears, moreover, that no notification, formal or informal, was made either to General Norstad or the Nato Council, that Germany was engaged in negotiating a military alliance with a non-Nato power. This is in specific breach of the solemn engagements West Germany made when the Western European Union was formed and she was admitted to Nato. It makes nonsense of Mr Selwyn Lloyd's recent assurance to the House of Commons that German membership is itself the surest guarantee against a revival of militarism. Indeed, it is merely the latest, if the most sensational, of a series of measures by which Germany is evading the limitations on her independent military power imposed in 1954.

Official reactions among the allies have been predictably timid. The State Department regards the affair as important only in so far as it supplies ammunition to Communist propaganda. The British Foreign Office nervously maintains that it is purely the concern of the Nato Council and Shape. But the Labour Party should have no difficulty in insisting on a thorough inquiry. West German claims that supply and training facilities within the Nato area are inadequate will not bear examination. Rear supplies are the function of the Nato infra-structure, built at great expense for precisely this purpose; additional arrangements for German dumps have already been made with Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Norway. German aircraft use firing-ranges in Turkey; off-shore ranges are under negotiation with Portugal and Italy, and further facilities have been offered by France. The principal purpose of Germany's projected bargain with Spain can only be to secure ranges for the testing of strategic weapons in secret.

If Britain allows Dr Adenauer to get away with his conspiracy, the consequences will be serious and far-reaching. Adenauer probably regards this as a test-case, to probe the strength of the allied will to resist his pretensions. There are now only 11 weeks to the Summit. As yet no agreement has been reached on allied policy towards Berlin. Two months ago, Dr Adenauer specifically rejected an interim settlement on the lines sketched by Mr Macmillan with the qualified approval of President Eisenhower; his party has since claimed the right to veto any solution which does not meet with German approval. Unless Britain and America are prepared to override German opposition it is almost certain that the Summit must fail. Now, by breaking his Nato obligations, Dr Adenauer has invited public rebuke; and symbolically Spain has been chosen as the venue. Hitler used it for his dress-rehearsal for the Second World War. For Adenauer, it is the dress-rehearsal for the Summit.

Comments on the Week's News

The Fylingdales Monstrosity

In a Written Answer, the Secretary of State for Air has finally admitted that the missile warning station to be built in Yorkshire has no direct bearing on Britain's defence problems, civil or military. 'The warning received', he stated, 'might be as little as four minutes before the missile landed in the United Kingdom, but could be a good deal longer.' It is difficult to understand on what basis the second part of his statement rests. Modern missiles travel at around 300 miles a minute; even if the station detects an approaching missile the second it enters range – which, 'it is hoped,' will be a maximum of 3,000 miles – we should have only 10 minutes warning *before* the complex identification and computation process begins. Even for military (let alone civil) purposes, this degree of warning is useless for Britain. The Thor batteries, at their highest state of readiness (which is not normally maintained), need a count-down of 15 minutes. Bomber Command normally requires 30 minutes to get a single squadron airborne. Evidently Fylingdales is not designed to transmit warnings to British targets, which are threatened by IRBMs based in Central Europe. Against these, the station could provide virtually no warning at all. The government can and will argue that the purpose of the station is to 'protect' the least vulnerable section of the US retaliatory forces – the ICBMs and manned bombers based in the American heartland – and so enable them to continue to deter. But this argument implicitly admits that British-based missiles and bombers would be destroyed before they received warning of a surprise attack. What, then, is the purpose of the 'independent British deterrent,' which will soon be costing us £500 million a year?

Castles in the Air

The government's decision to enter Britain in the race to produce a supersonic airliner should be examined critically. Despite immense private and public investment, our post-war efforts to seize a worthwhile portion of the civil aircraft market have been largely unsuccessful. We hit the jackpot once with the Viscount and had a tragic near-miss with the Comet I. Apart from these two examples, the record is of unrelieved failure, with the Comet IV (a fine aircraft which unfortunately arrived too late) as the latest example. The phase of the sub-sonic pure jet is now drawing to a close, leaving the Americans as undisputed victors (the French Sud-Aviation had a limited success with the Caravelle, but even they have been obliged to surrender much of their independence to Douglas). All the major airlines have now mortgaged their futures by vast expenditure on the giant jets, and will not be in the market for new (and even more costly) aircraft for many years. Indeed, it cannot yet be assumed that a Mach 2 jet will be the next replacement; the rapid development of rocket engines (and the possibility that Russia, ahead in this field, will be the first to produce a commercial rocket-powered airliner) may persuade the air lines to leap a phase. What is certain is that, if the Mach 2 jet becomes a commercial proposition, the Americans, who already have a Mach 2 bomber in service, are much better placed than Britain to supply it. Yet even US firms hesitate at the vast investment costs and the real risk that they will never be recouped. The Labour opposition must keep a close watch on this unsound venture (not least to ensure that public control and participation in the profits – if any – are commensurate with the public investment). But it would be better placed to do so if it had an aviation policy of its own. Britain's post-war success in the field of aero-engines and in the low-cost tourist traffic airliner (the one aircraft which is assured of a rapidly expanding market) suggest that we have an economically sound, if limited, role to play in the international aircraft industry, and it is on these two products that Labour thinking should be concentrated.

The End of the Honeymoon

With increased civil and defence estimates it is improbable that the Budget will make many concessions to the Tory faithful. There are, in fact, signs that the post-election blues are beginning, a period in which it is clear that the government's policy is inadequate to ensure the degree of investment necessary to maintain or increase the industrial dynamic. Only the most expert combination of fiscal policy and direct control could ensure this, and this would involve the government in a drastic change of attitude. But if the Budget will offer little change, there is another economic front – the workers' wage-claims – in which preparations are being made for action. Here also the honeymoon is over, a honeymoon in which, on the one hand, wage-claims have been fewer than in any year since the war, and on the other, the more prosperous section of the working class saw their real wages increase by a record eight to ten per cent while prices remained stable. For the less prosperous section – the railwaymen are the most notorious example – real wages have been intolerably static. The miners have now asked for an extra 12s. a week: their last rise was in September 1958. In the nationalised electricity supply industry, where the working hours have recently been reduced from 44 to 42 a week, the workers have followed up a wage-claim with a strike-threat: their last rise was two years ago. It is very probable that the three million members of the shipbuilding and engineers confederation will also ask for more pay now that they too have gained a shorter working week. It is manifestly absurd to expect workers in a society given-over to extravagant displays of conspicuous consumption or the glamorous piracy of the Stock Exchange not themselves to want an increased share of the spoils. But contained in this general situation exists the disturbing situation of differentials between workers. Within successful industries, often situated in areas of acute labour competition, workers are able to extract wages above union rates from employers. Outside the successful industries, the workers become increasingly isolated and impoverished. Differentials within industries themselves create discontent. One of the consequences of this development – important both for the trades unions and for the Labour Party – is the syndicalism it creates and the fragmenting of purpose and loyalties.

NEXT WEEK

Financing the Railways

RT HON HAROLD WILSON MP

Two Views on Eden

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL & PAUL JOHNSON

The Debate on Employment

The Labour Party did not choose the best method of attack on the government's local unemployment bill in this week's debate. By regretting that the list of development districts issued by the government fails to include many places for which the special powers of the bill are needed, it inspired members to parade the claims of their own constituencies – 'like oriental concubines' as one Labour member put it. It may have been pleasant to hear criticisms of the bill from Tories like Miss Joan Vickers or Mr Elliott whose constituencies have been neglected, but the more important aspects of Socialist policy were lost in the sound of log-rolling. By its nature, however, the bill tends to make this kind of log-rolling inevitable. By isolating towns rather than preserving development areas, and by its emphasis on piece-meal aid rather than a concern for the strategic planning of industry – squabbling between members is encouraged. The present bill is unlikely to promote the regional balance of industry, with its enormous saving in social cost of all kinds, because its approach is negative. It springs, in effect, from an attitude of mind which sees aid as relief work rather than a positive contribution to a better pattern of British life. This unsatisfactory debate took place against a background of unexpected difficulties in the Ford plans for development on Merseyside. It is unlikely that these difficulties will be insuperable. The real test, however, of the government's determination to distribute industry will come, first, when the cotton mills close and, secondly, when the Coal Board enforces its shut-down plans.

The Land Mystique in Kenya

The dispute which held up the agreement on the Kenya constitution for nearly a week arose out of personalities in the Kenya European community rather than from matters of principle. Mr Humphrey Slade, one of Mr Michael Blundell's supporters, returned to Kenya in the middle of the conference to test opinion there. His visit coincided with that of Group Captain Briggs on a similar errand. Mr Slade seems to have been strongly impressed with the electoral danger to the Blundell group unless they are able to compete with Briggs on the land and education issues. On his return to this country, Mr Slade put his views so strongly that there was virtually a split within Blundell's New Kenya Group. Eventually Slade's view prevailed, and this group joined together with Briggs in a last-ditch attempt to write into the constitution a protection of existing land tenure and an obligation to finance communal education. This tactic is understandable in view of the strong feelings of white settlers in Kenya regarding the protection of their land and

their fears that an African government will take it from them. What the European representatives neglected was the fact that no African leader could possibly have returned to Kenya to sell the agreed, but modified, constitution without universal suffrage and without responsible government if at the same time he had put his hand to freezing all present land tenure. Land is equally a mystique to the African as to the European. Moreover, the policy of land consolidation is adding to the landlessness of the African community, and particularly of the Kikuyu. The African leaders were thus in as dangerously exposed a position as the Europeans. By accepting responsibility, Mr Macleod has got agreement to the constitutional provision; but the problem remains the principal source of conflict.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Westminster

Chemin de Fer

When the government announces its policy for reorganising the railways, which it is expected to do any day now and certainly before the Guillebaud Report is published on Thursday, nobody will be able to say that it has stolen the Labour Party's clothes. The Labour Party has not got any, unless the suit of armour placed round all nationalised industries in its pre-election policy pamphlet can be called clothes. The Parliamentary Party's transport group, it is true, has now got down to work, after ironing out some little local difficulties, but, so I understand, the National Executive's sub-committee, which is to deal with the problem, met for the first time only this Thursday. Meanwhile the government has its plan ready.

Work began on it some two and a half years ago, when a small committee was set up comprising the Minister of Transport, a few backbenchers and Mr R. A. Butler as chairman. Its eventual proposals were to sell to private enterprise or transfer to new independent boards all non-railway services, such as docks, channel boats, canals, hotels and even the Pullman company, which are at present controlled by the British Transport Commission; to split the railways into 'optimum managerial units,' comprising five regions and London Transport, competing with each other where possible; and to subsidise those regions which genuinely could not pay their way. There was to be loose co-ordination under a railway commission without statutory powers. The accounts of each region were to be inspected by a new railway auditor general. Finally, railway working was to be continuously reviewed by a newly constituted select committee of the House of Commons.

For a variety of reasons these plans were not proceeded with at once. First, there was the imminence of the general election, in which, it was thought, proposals for drastic changes on the railways might prove a disturbing factor. Then there was some opposition inside the Conservative party. There was, and is, a section of the party, substantial in numbers though not in influence, which is happy to leave the railways stewing in the nation's juice. There was, and is, a section, not substantial in numbers but with greater influence, who think that the railway structure should be left as it is and that some form of subsidy should be provided during the period of modernisation. Mr Iain Macleod is one of those who, at Cabinet level, are said to hold this view. No doubt, too, Mr Peter Thorneycroft and the Tory finance committee were even then, as they are now, opposing any idea of a subsidy. It now seems, however, that these dissident sections have been won over or are to be ignored.

What is happening, meanwhile, in the Labour Party? Such members as can be momentarily spared from Clause Four are beginning to collate ideas, and the idea which finds most favour is the old one of an integrated transport system under which, once railway modernisation is completed, and fast, convenient freight services are available, goods traffic should be re-directed to the railways from the roads by a much stricter licensing system. Discussion of this idea, though useful for the long term, is, however, immediately somewhat academic, since the Conservatives are in power.

Hence, for the moment, Labour's transport group is proceeding towards a more limited and practical objective, the reorganisation of railway finances. At one time, opinion was virtually unanimous in favour of writing off the accumulated deficit and then providing some form of a subsidy, either by placing the burden of permanent way maintenance for all time on the Exchequer, as with the roads, or in the form of straight cash at least for the period of modernisation. In the last two weeks, however, both Mr Harold Wilson and Mr Douglas Jay have put forward a new idea. This is that the Transport Commission's fixed interest obligations – and, unlike any private enterprise concern in the world, the whole of its charges are at fixed interest – should be taken over by the Treasury and that in return the Treasury should receive the whole of the equity. This means that the Treasury would pay the interest on the compensation stock and probably remit the interest on its modernisation loans but take the whole of the operating profit, if any.

Provided this proposal is accepted and provided the Commission is given virtually complete freedom from the archaic regulations which prevent it from raising or lowering charges at will, it might soon be possible for the railways to pay decent wages and make ends meet. But these proposals are still in the air. Whether anything definite will have emerged by the time the government is ready to act remains to be seen.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Edwina Mountbatten

(From a Correspondent)

WHO could have foreseen, 40 years ago, that the débutante daughter of a wealthy but relatively undistinguished Tory politician would be mourned, with sincere sorrow, by the Prime Minister and the ordinary people of an independent India? Or that she would have played an important part in the immense changes that made such a tribute possible?

The evolution of the Mountbattens makes a fascinating personal incident in the social history of our times; and, of the two, those who knew her best might claim that the transformation of the young Edwina Ashley into the world-famous and potent Countess Mountbatten of Burma was the more profound. During the general strike of 1926 she was still sufficiently unsophisticated, and class-conditioned, to go blacklegging with her gay socialite friends – manning the telephone switchboard, ironically, at the office of the newspaper which was later to pursue her and her husband with the fiercest of vendettas.

By the end of her life, she was not only revered but loved by millions of people, especially among the poorest in Asia; for she had a rare knack of communicating – indeed, mass-communicating – simultaneously a deep, compassionate love and a consciousness of her practical efficiency. 'Getting something done about it' was her driving passion: she saw, she felt, deeply – but it did not stop there. There are few memorable anecdotes about her just because she did not *say* memorable things: she *did* them. Her spontaneous actions were sometimes of the deepest emotional, as well as practical, value: she could not have calculated the propaganda effect of the famous newspaper photograph of her embracing an Indian leader in tender farewell, but it was unprecented in the history of the *Raj* – a watershed symbol which convulsed die-hard imperialists and lifted up the hearts of the countless Asians who saw it.

Few wives and husbands can ever have been so vitally necessary to each other as Edwina and Louis Mountbatten. Their relation began in mutual attraction: it deepened in a friendly rivalry in public service. In South-East Asia in 1945 they would compare, over breakfast, their respective 'scores' of hospitals visited, liberated prisoners talked to. Each stimulated the other to fresh achievements. In the past year he, anxious about her health, had begged her to take things more easily. She could not: a compulsive sense of duty, and of the miseries of the human condition, drove her on.

The superhuman tempo at which she worked and travelled and got to know thousands of people as individuals, was shown most notably during the period of the transfer of power in India, and at the height of the troubles in the Punjab. In an hour or two, in one afternoon, she succeeded, by the force and charm of her personality, in co-ordinating the work of several dozen voluntary welfare bodies, till then limited in their scope and mutually suspicious. Day after day she went out into the reeking horror of slum villages and makeshift camps, bringing wherever she went, as Nehru said, 'solace, hope and encouragement'.

Her own and, still more, her husband's public duties and royal connections kept her out of formal party politics; but none could fail to detect her radical social conscience or the influence that, impelled by it, she exercised. She could never, after 1933, have been a conventional Tory; for she never forgot her Jewish grandfather and was deeply shocked by the appeasement of Hitler. Yet she never showed personal animosity: even after Suez, Eden remained 'Anthony' to her.

It is, perhaps, significant that *The Times* should have allowed her obituary less than half the space devoted to that of a scientist, admittedly of high distinction, whose death coincided with hers; and that it was the Leader of the Opposition, not the Prime Minister, who took an appropriate opportunity on Monday of paying her a brief tribute of sorrow.

Fleet Street

The Royal Stork Cometh

Well the big story is over. And I only hope students of the mores of our society in the second half of the 20th century have taken careful note of it all. It ought to make an interesting footnote to the history of the age of the hydrogen bomb. More than 1,000 reporters (newspaper, radio and television, British, American, Commonwealth, French, German and of almost every other nationality) had been posted by their offices around Buckingham Palace by the time the new royal baby arrived last Friday. There was nothing much for them to report: the actual announcement of the birth, in fact, was in their offices, sent through official channels more than half an hour before the announcement was posted outside the Palace. But there they were and there they had been, most of them, on guard in shifts round the clock for nearly a week. It was one of the most elaborate press operations ever mounted – and one of the most uncomfortable. Unlike lesser institutions, the Palace made no concessions to the comfort of the waiting journalists. Not even a temporary press room or the use of a telephone was put at their disposal.

It is always difficult where royalty is concerned to judge how far the press reflects and how far it exaggerates public interest. *The Times*, the *Guardian* and the *Telegraph* all confined themselves to the straightforward main news stories, soberly presented and without extraneous flourishes, that the event obviously justified. Indeed their judgments coincided almost exactly. Each confined the news to under three columns on their main news pages on Saturday morning and a first leader. *The Times* naturally also had a poem from Mr John Masefield, who never falters in his duties as Laureate, 'On The Birth of a Son to Our Sovereign Lady The Queen.' But in the main all three remained factual and calm. So too did the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* the following day.

Such calm was not for the rest of the press. It judged that this was a day when the heart of the British people was full to overflowing and the bigger the overflow the better. The *Mirror* (OH BOY! in black letters on the front page 3½ inches deep) with its title in gold and golden joy bells (the nervous tension being what it was, it did this the day before too) devoted six pages altogether to the joyful event, with all that any mother would want to know about the blue satin bows, the cream frills and the peach satin net of the royal cradle. The *Sketch* had six pages, too, all bordered with crowns and a 'Family Guess Chart' for Dad, Mum and the kids to write down the names they would like the baby to be called. The *Daily Mail* had five pages, including photographs of other babies born on the same wonderful day and the announcement of another special supplement on the Monday. The *Herald* ('Royal Baby Special' with a stork and a crown) had three pages inside. The *Express*, which the previous day had brought to its anxious and excited readers a six column photograph 9½ inches deep of 'The Hands of Helen Rowe – the hands that will care for the new baby', taken by a man who 'has covered eight royal tours in the last four years,' was a shade less lavish in space than the others on the Saturday. But it had a poem by Mr John Betjeman, written (what could be nicer and more calculated to make *Express* readers realise how lucky they are?) in Mr Randolph Churchill's bath at East Bergholt.

One might have thought that this would have been enough even for the British public. One would have been wrong. The popular Sunday papers have beating hearts too. 'God Bless His Little Heart Say I,' declared the *News of the World* through Miss Ursula Bloom, briefly diverting its eyes from Miss Diana Dors. And the *Sunday Dispatch* added to the flood of poesy with a lullaby from Enid Blyton:

> Close your eyes, little babe, and sleep
> While bells ring out from the steeple.
> You need no cot for you're cradled deep
> In the hearts of a loving people.

There were no more poems; but the rest of the Sunday papers did not fall behind in showing what prose can do.

And what sort of a man is the prince likely to be? The press knew that too. They have astrologers on their staffs as well as reporters. And all loyal citizens will, I think, agree that the stars have risen to the occasion. 'Honesty will be his strong point,' said the *Sketch* pointing out excitedly that his ruling planet is Jupiter, just like George Washington. 'He will be warm, attractive, sympathetic and amiable.' To this the *Mirror* added outstanding intuition amounting to genius. 'Clever, brave and musical with great personal magnetism and an outstanding talent for expression,' said the *Herald*. 'Creative, imaginative, inventive, distinguished in philosophy and music,' declared *Express* judgment. 'Sympathetic, kind hearted and compassionate, famous for his originality and his progressive ideas,' reported the *Sunday Dispatch*. A remarkable royal baby indeed. Since the stars – like the newspapers – cannot lie, it begins to look as though those 1,000 reporters standing outside Buckingham Palace in the cold were on to a bigger story than even their news editors knew

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Pay Without Progress

AFTER three years' work the Royal Commission on Doctors' and Dentists' Remuneration has produced its report. As expected, this contains recommendations for substantial increases in pay for general practitioners and hospital doctors. Hospital dentists also come off quite well, but there is little joy for the general dental practitioner, whose fate is to be left to a study group on dental rates.

This is only one of the disappointing features of the report. Even with its limited terms of reference the commission could have gone further in dealing with some of the defects of the medical services, many of which are related to payment. The present method of paying general practitioners by capitation fee based on the number of patients is at least open to question. It is unrelated to standards of service and, since there is no formula for taking account of outgoings in the way of accommodation, equipment and other factors having a bearing on such standards, it necessarily produces a wide range of results as regards actual return to the individual doctor. It will never be possible to measure degrees of conscientious application to a job in strict cash terms, but the capitation system prevents even an attempt being made to relate payment to results. It is surprising that its merits are not discussed in the report, particularly in light of the recommendation that a special fund of £500,000 per annum be provided expressly to recognise distinguished general practice by additional remuneration.

The commission throws up this idea without any suggestion as to its application, except that this should be in accordance with a scheme to be agreed between the profession and the government. If, however, it was thought appropriate to discuss differential remuneration, how much more so would it have been to examine the basic scheme and its operation. Any criteria for the higher payments must surely take account of standards of service and the factors mentioned above, and therefore the commission must be taken not to have thought the problem impossible of measurement.

The commission has rightly considered the position of young doctors and recommends increases which would complete the transition from trainee status to basic career grade. The doctor at the outset of his career will now compare reasonably with younger men in other professions. It is unfortunate, however, that there is nothing more for the assistant in general practice than the hope that his remuneration will rise in keeping with that of all other young doctors. Since the sale of practices was abolished there has been no greater scandal in the medical service than the position of the assistant. It is wrong that doctors paid from public funds should be able to make any arrangements they choose for work to be done by salaried assistants not subject to any outside supervision and paid at any rate the employing doctor may be able to negotiate with them. (It also makes a good deal of nonsense of the extreme horror with which many doctors regard the prospect of a salaried service!) The commission should have dealt with this as a matter of principle, since it is a much more important matter for the service than the computation of merit payments for those already adequately remunerated. At the least it could have made recommendations proportionate to those for other salaried grades, instead of leaving it to chance and the market.

The most that can be said for the report is that it contains recommendations which should remove the immediate sense of grievance felt by many doctors. It should, therefore, be implemented by the government without delay, before the tempers of two or three years ago have time to rise again. It should also be made clear that the additional cost to the National Health Service will not be offset by economies which might affect the welfare of the patient, or by putting off the recognition of the just claims of other health service staffs.

That, however, cannot be the end of the story. In leaving so many questions unanswered – and unasked – the commission has done nothing to safeguard the future. It is true that it recommends review machinery on the Coleraine model, in any event a poor substitute for proper Whitley machinery, and it suggests some methods for simplifying the way in which the central pool is shared. But in failing to question the whole basis of payment and in not asking whether the present career structure, with its rigid exclusiveness between general practice and consultancy, is really best for either doctors or patients, the commission, despite its admirable statistics and arguments, has left the least satisfactory part of the health service almost exactly where it found it.

The Scandal in the ETU

BRITISH trade unionism is in peril from the activities of the Communist leaders of the ETU. Never has the public at large, including millions of trade unionists, felt more disquiet at the apparent inability of the TUC to keep its estate in order; never, since 1926, has a government been offered a better excuse for legislating against the freedom of trade unions. And the responsibility for all this rests almost solely with a small group of Communist zealots who have gained control of the ETU and are running it as their own private empire.

Two years ago this journal played a leading role in exposing electoral malpractice in the ETU, and in drawing public attention to the fact that union's policy was being directed by the Communist Party and that the union's headquarters machinery was little more than an instrument of King Street. In the long controversy which followed these exposures, total obstruction by the Communist leaders, coupled with the ultra-cautious attitude of the TUC, made it impossible to bring the charges home in such a way as to convince the ETU rank and file that they were being used as catspaws by the Communist Party. Even so, the long drawn-out inquiries by the TUC ended last November with a forthright condemnation of the ETU leadership: 'The principal reason', said the General Council in a public statement,

> why the present ETU leadership have consistently sought to evade and delay dealing with the charges publicly made against them . . . is because the present ETU leadership, who are in a position to know, are aware that there is so much substance in these charges that they are unwilling to have them thoroughly investigated . . .

Since then, the election to the general secretaryship has taken place, in which the Communist, Mr Haxell, was declared to have narrowly defeated his non-Communist challenger, Mr Byrne. Once again, it is said that the elections were rigged. Once again the whole public is shocked by the degree of corruption and malpractice which is freely alleged. But this time there is a difference. The opponents of the present leadership, having learnt their lesson, have made their charges with considerable precision and have collected evidence to substantiate them.

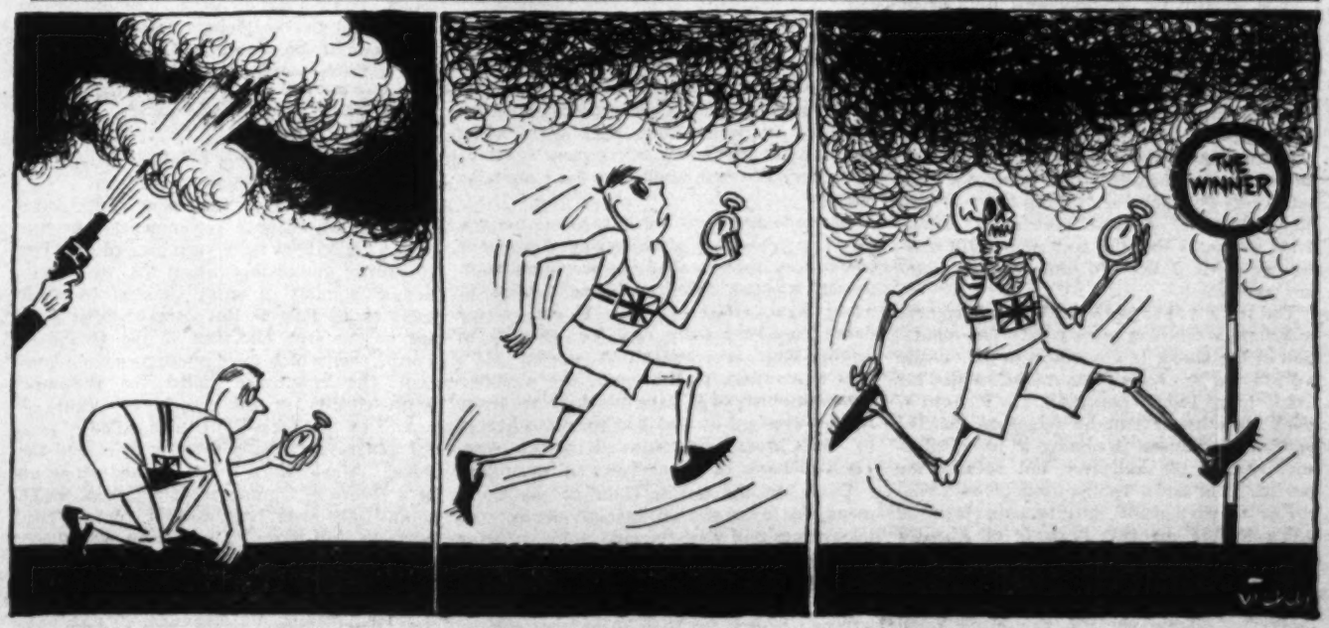
The election, they claim, was rigged in two principal ways: first, the votes of an unprecedented number of branches were disallowed on the grounds that they were dispatched to union headquarters after the latest date permissible under the rules; and it is asserted that the great majority of these disallowed votes were for Mr Byrne. Secondly, they claim, some Communists in individual branches have exploited the known apathy of many of their fellow unionists (the total vote in this crucial election was only 16 per cent) by faking or forging postal votes in their name. (In accordance with the rules, members who are unable to be present at the branch meeting where voting takes place may dispatch their votes to the branch secretary by post or, in certain circumstances, may give them to their shop steward to be delivered to the branch by hand.)

The Communist leaders of the ETU deny both these charges: they add that they are ready to carry out any necessary investigation inside the union if complaints are made by aggrieved branches through the proper channels. Last time they managed by these means to lose the charges in the labyrinth of bureaucracy; but this time they may not. In the first place there is evidence which, as it is made public, is bound to impress the rank and file of the union. Of the disallowed branches – believed to number about 110 out of 700 – the votes of 46 are now known. Every one of them gave a majority to Mr Byrne. Either those votes are more or less representative of the trend of voting throughout the union, which is what one would expect if the disqualifications were merely for a careless technical infringement; in that case Mr Byrne should be home and dry. Or, we are left with the remarkable coincidence that, in an election which gave a narrow majority for Mr Haxell, a strikingly high number of technical disqualifications took place, but only among the branches which supported Mr Byrne. There is, however, a further hint of the trend which the voting took: in the 216 branches – including the 46 mentioned above – whose votes have since the election become accurately known, Mr Byrne got 12,410 votes to Mr Haxell's 9,845.

The case against the ETU leaders, however, does not depend only on the coincidence of these figures. It may be assumed, for instance, that some of the branches which have been disqualified were genuinely in error owing to carelessness by the secretary; but not all. A number of the secretaries concerned took special precautions to anticipate the present situation; they are prepared to give sworn testimony that their branch votes were posted at the right time – and in some cases they can bring witnesses to support them. Eastbourne, Doncaster, Gilmoss, Twickenham, Cambuslang, Ayr and Colchester are all examples of disqualified branches where it is *prima facie* extremely difficult to believe that any error occurred about the time of dispatching the branch votes.

The evidence in the case of postal votes inside the branches is necessarily less concrete. But in addition to a number of branches with Communist secretaries where the postal vote was inexplicably, and to many people incredibly, high (eg, Peckham, Hayes, London NW, London W, London Station Engineers No 9, and London Station Engineers No 11), there is the curiously suggestive case of the Hythe (Southampton) branch, where four votes were received back at the branch office three days *before* the official ballot papers were sent out. Almost equally curious was the situation in the neighbouring branches of Woolston and Southampton Central, where four ballot papers, which were officially dispatched to members by post on Sunday, were received back at the branch office, by post, the following morning.

All this amounts to a formidable indictment of the ETU leadership – and doubly so, since, if there was any crooked disqualification of valid ballot papers by whatever means, it cannot have taken place without the knowledge of some of those at the union head-



The Four-minute Mile

quarters. Still, the charges, though circumstantial, are not yet proved: there may be an answer to them. It is up to Messrs Haxell and Foulkes to let their members see whether there is. And that can be done only by an outside investigation, preferably carried out by someone with high legal experience. No inquiry held under the auspices of the union itself is of any value. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the charges which are made lie personally and collectively against the officers and executive of the union: only an independent inquiry can dispose of them.

The best and fairest form of such investigation would be in the courts; and this can easily come about if the Communist leaders choose to take action for libel against those dissident members who have charged them with what amounts to something like fraud. If they will not take this course, which is their simple protection against what they seek to describe as 'character assassination', the members of the ETU, like the public, will draw their own conclusions. In that case, the TUC must take action either to bring the ETU leaders before its own formal inquiry or to expel them from membership of the Congress. The danger to union members everywhere is not that scandal exists, but that the representatives of British trade unionism should seem slow or reluctant to investigate it and stamp it out.

JOHN FREEMAN

Nationalising Parliament

'This House', Mr Butler told the Commons when opening a debate on procedure the other day, 'should be a centre in which the struggle for power continues healthily to take place.' A Commons with 'no surprises, no traps, nothing unexpected, no warfare and no political unpleasantness', he warned, would not be worthy of the name at all.

Anyone listening to these brave words would have assumed he was about to propose radical reforms for strengthening the role of the individual MP. But the biggest change he went on to recommend was the reduction in the number of parliamentary questions an MP could ask on any one day from three to two. And when Mr Richard Marsh, the lively new member for Greenwich, rose to point out that back-benchers lucky in the ballot for private members' bills could not even get expert assistance in drafting the measures they wanted to propose (unless, of course, those measures had the approval of the government), Mr Butler had little practical comfort to offer.

The truth is that parliamentary government in Britain is reaching crisis point. 'The reputation of the House of Commons in the outside world is far in excess of its merits', writes Mr Crick. In his Fabian pamphlet, *The Reform of the Commons*, he puts his finger on the real *malaise*. Parliament is ceasing to be an efficient critic of the executive, not because the public 'is let down by the kind of man who comes to parliament', but because 'it is let down by the use that is made of whoever comes.' It would be a tragedy if parliament were ever to be manned exclusively by lawyers, company directors and Oxbridge dons. Yet at present the Palace of Westminster is run as though all MP's were gentlemen of private means, with outside research, secretarial and office facilities to draw upon. Against the rising power of the executive in government, of which Mr Crick rightly warns us, the ordinary MP has to fight almost with his bare hands.

Most people have now heard (and are tired of hearing) of the basic disabilities under which an MP tries to do his work: the fact that he has to provide his own secretarial assistance, pay his own postage and long-distance telephone calls, entertain constituents out of his own pocket, etc. And most people shrug them away as if they were simply a plea for more money or 'amenities'. But, in fact, MP's are crying out for the facilities with which to do their job properly. And in their complaints they batter themselves against the walls of tradition, parsimony and, above all, the political cowardice of governments afraid to tell the public that its watchdogs require a physical environment which will enable them to do the job.

This environment is no longer provided by the Palace of Westminster. Surrealist glimpses of life with the Commons have been provided in answers to parliamentary questions in the last few weeks. Of the 511 back-bench members of the Commons, 72 have been allocated desks in the Palace for their own exclusive use and another 109 have desks for the use of their secretaries. (The provision of one automatically excludes a member from entitlement to the other.)

Even these inadequate totals have been achieved only at the expense of overcrowding, which compels both members and secretaries to jostle like condemned Irish horses in their allotted space. In one secretaries' room off Westminster Hall, 19 typing tables have been squashed into an area of 684 square feet, which works out at 36 square feet per table, 11 square feet below the Gower Committee's recommended statutory minimum. In Room One of the Upper Committee Corridor, 18 MP's who can't afford secretaries have been allotted desks at the rate of 26 square feet per member. None of these desks has individual telephones or desk lights. MP's with secretaries are allowed half a filing cabinet a head. Some 67 MP's without secretaries have been allocated desks with filing space.

One MP tells me he keeps his papers in a tin box salvaged from the old press gallery when the former Chamber of the Commons was destroyed in the blitz. The remaining MP's ballot for lockers lining the walls of the corridors in which they stuff their white papers, blue books and letters from constituents. They do their writing in the Commons library.

Overcrowding in the Palace has induced a mood approaching cannibalism. Successive committees have combed the accommodation to see whether Peter could be robbed to house Paul. Officers of the House, whose duties may keep them very late, struggle to defend their accommodation against MP's who know that, if they, too, are stranded overnight, they will have nowhere to sleep. Jealous eyes are cast on Mr Speaker's library by MP's grossly overcrowded in their own. The conditions of the staff are still primitive.

Down on the terrace floor of the Commons, for example, 40 women members of the kitchen staff wash, change and rest during their hours of duty from 11 am to 10 pm in three tiny rooms, taking turns to stretch out in the four armchairs. In the seven small writing rooms at the back of the press gallery, 94 parliamentary correspondents struggle to produce a coherent digest of the day's debates in conditions even worse than those which plague MP's. The staff who feed them take their afternoon rest in the press dining room. The cook and eight washers-up change in one cramped room.

It is against this background that Labour's motion on accommodation, tabled this week, must be read. For the past 17 years at least, the inadequacy of the provision for the House of Commons has been glaringly obvious. Successive committees produced only palliatives which did nothing to meet the real needs of the post-war parliaments, in which 630 MP's come to Westminster with a full-time job of work to do. And so, in 1953, the Commons set up yet another Select Committee on Accommodation, this time fortunately under the chairmanship of the late Dick Stokes. He, ably abetted by his committee, got down to fundamentals for the first time. While tackling certain details which called for 'early improvement', the committee made clear 'the need for constant effective review and ultimately for a more radical solution', if MP's were ever to enjoy standards of accommodation enjoyed by MP's elsewhere in the Commonwealth, let alone in the United States. And in their view there was only one way to achieve this – to make MP's the masters in their own home.

To lovers of tradition there is no doubt something satisfyingly quaint in the fact that parliament meets in a royal palace administered by a hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain in the Crown's name. But to modern MP's this form of control smacks too much of the days when the interests of the Lords were dominant in the Palace and the faithful Commons held their humble deliberations across the road. They live in fear that, when the new building plans materialise, they may be pushed across the road again: at any rate for their office and secretarial facilities.

Nor does the present machinery give MP's effective control over their own fate. When the Commons is sitting, the control of the Commons wing is vested in the Serjeant-at-Arms, acting for Mr Speaker. At the weekends and during the recess, control reverts to the Lord Great Chamberlain. Even when the House is sitting, the control of the Commons over its own premises is confused and indirect. The allocation of accommodation is carried out by the Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms, who cannot be questioned in the House. The improvement of that accommodation is a matter for the Minister of Works, and the cost of it is carried upon his vote. Yet the Commons as a whole has no say in preparing the estimates that have to filter through the minister to a parsimonious Treasury.

It is for that reason that none of the more fundamental changes recommended by the Stokes Committee have been carried out. The committee complained about the 'disproportionate amount of space devoted to other users of the Palace'. But some of those users are in the area allocated to the House of Lords, over which the Commons has no control. The committee called for structural improvements in the Commons library – vetoed by the Treasury. It also called in vain for extensive building projects to extend the Palace. Above all, it called for the setting up of a House of Commons Commission, which should take over responsibility for the pay, pensions and terms of service of all officers and officials employed in the Commons, a responsibility at present nominally discharged by a body of Commissioners set up in 1812. The Commission would also advise Mr Speaker on the drawing up of the Commons estimates: the allocation of accommodation;

the library and other facilities necessary to enable members to discharge their duties properly. And it would make an annual report which parliament could debate.

This, then, is the first essential step towards the democratic control of the Commons affairs for which the Labour Party is now asking. But it is asking, too, for the second step which the Stokes Committee suggested the Commission itself should take as soon as it is set up: namely, the drawing up of proposals for the unified control by parliament of the Palace as a whole. This can never be achieved as long as the ultimate responsibility lies in the hands of a hereditary officer, however courteous. Yet without it, the Commons cannot win the battle to equip itself with the most elementary facilities for effective work. This time the Opposition, at any rate, will not be content with less.

BARBARA CASTLE

London Diary

On occasions like the recent royal birth my heart goes out to leader-writers. There ought to be a special hymn for them – 'For Those In Peril At The Stone' In times past, I have had myself to undertake these agonising compositions. One surveys past efforts, partly to get the form, and partly to avoid word-for-word repetitions. The best thing, in my experience, is to stick to the old, well-worn ways, which may not be exciting, but at least do not lead one astray. 'The British peoples offer the Royal Family their affectionate (or heartfelt) congratulations . . . There will be general rejoicing throughout the Commonwealth at the news . No summons of loyal obligation could be more sure of eager acceptance than the news of the saluting guns . . . This morning, those millions in so many lands share the Queen's happiness . . .' Any attempt to depart from these serviceable models is liable to be fatuous or disastrous. On the present occasion the *Guardian* (Manchester) had a go by bringing in a marriage guidance angle:

> The Queen now joins that minority of married women (about a quarter) who have more than two children; many of these would be able to testify to her of the especial joy which a third child can bring. The symbolism of three as a magic number is not merely fanciful. A family of parents and two children (especially when they are as symmetrically arranged as the Royal Family) forms a self-contained group; another child often seems to open up and present new links by which the outside world can be brought in to complete the ring.

It is an enterprising and gallant effort whose courage I salute, without, however, quite understanding the last bit. Opening up and presenting new links, whereby a ring is completed by bringing in the outside world – I don't get it.

* * *

I liked, too, of course, Professor Day Lewis's verses and Miss Enid Blyton's lullaby. The latter was particularly rewarding. How far does all this gush reflect authentic emotion? I often ask myself. It is impossible to know. People stand outside Buckingham Palace waiting for a notice to be put up, but they also stand outside Pentonville Prison waiting for a notice to be put up when a man is going to be hanged. I, as it happens, on casual encounters hear mostly ribald comments which would bring a blush to the cheek of Mr Richard Dimbleby. This, however, may well be due to the fact that such is my own attitude. It all illustrates an opinion I have long held – that it will be more difficult for posterity to document this age (assuming they're interested) than any previous one. In the case of the Dark Ages, for instance, the difficulty is the great paucity of material. In the case of our time the difficulty will be the super-abundance of material, mostly faked.

* * *

When dons get going on electioneering, Tammany Hall comes to seem like a Mothers' Union outing. Mr Di Sapio really ought to drop in on Christ Church and All Souls to get a few tips for the forthcoming presidential conventions. The contest between Mr Macmillan and Sir Oliver Franks for the chancellorship of Oxford University has points of unusual interest. Before he took ministerial office, Mr Macmillan was a publisher, whose distinguished list included *The Last Days of Hitler* and other works by the Regius Professor of History, Mr Hugh Trevor-Roper. Before he became chairman of Lloyd's Bank, Sir Oliver Franks was a don himself. In between he was a civil servant and British ambassador in Washington. He could, it is widely believed, have been Director-General of the BBC and/or editor of *The Times*. He is one of established authority's favourite sons. I once had tea with him in Washington, and found him amiable, with that quiet, droning voice which reassures share-holders, assists undergraduates to pass examinations, and fillets thought and controversy. Sir Maurice Bowra is one of his chief sponsors. If Sir Oliver gets in, I hope John Freeman will give Sir Maurice the famous TV treatment on how it was done. The leading promoter of Mr Macmillan's candidature has been Professor Trevor-Roper, who makes up for any lack of tact and pliancy by the spiritedness of his tactics and the audacity of his operations. To me, the two candidates are almost equally repugnant. If I had a vote I should be hard put to know how to use it. It would be like having to choose between Logan Pearsall Smith and T. S. Eliot, or between Godfrey Winn and Mrs Roosevelt.

* * *

Last week-end I happened to find myself at Shannon Airport. Also waiting for a plane, there were a party of United States Air Force personnel on their way to some base or other. They seemed pleasant enough, some of them surprisingly old. Yet when the call came for them to go there was a visible sense of relief. It was not their fault, but somehow they were figures of doom. The mushroom cloud hung over them. They were instruments of death in a way that no men-at-arms have ever been before. They were the Fates in a Greek tragedy, all our doom – and yet, in practice, just servicemen, with wives and children, and forms to fill in, collecting allowances and qualifying for pensions. Perhaps the effect was heightened by the scene being in Eire, a country which has, for one reason or another, held aloof from the hire-purchase affluence. It has just not entered the Gadarene stakes. Outside was a countryside which has changed little over the last thousand years. Inside were the men in blue uniforms going to man their base, which contained impedimenta for blowing the whole earth to smithereens. How extraordinary! Of course, there is always the possibility that the men were all just public relations and welfare officers.

* * *

Most old Fleet Street hands shook their heads when *The Times* paid a large sum of money (said to be £100,000) for the serial rights of Sir Anthony Eden's Memoirs. They were bound, it was thought, to be unreadably dull. I must say, I took this view myself. When I was on the *Daily Telegraph* it fell to me to go through some articles by Eden. One had to fight one's way from sentence to sentence. The turgidity of the style was matched by the banality of the thought. Actually, *The Times* deal has turned out very well. The extracts from the Eden memoirs, superbly sub-edited, have had a considerable success, not only here and in the United States, but throughout the world. Eden refused to sell the Arabic rights on principle, but the Egyptian newspapers just pirated *The Times* articles. No doubt the book will be equally successful. Why? It is written in a flat, dull style. The narrative is unexciting, and largely an exercise in self-justification. It reveals a rather pathetic figure whose inadequacy for the role in which he was cast is only too evident. I suppose the fact is that people nowadays will always read, or at any rate buy, accounts of what has happened by leading participants irrespective of their interest and authenticity. A good example is Eisenhower's *Crusade In Europe*, a book of inconceivable tedium which had an enormous sale. Contemporary big brass need never worry about their financial future. The magazine section of the *Sunday Times* is their pasture. I expect to see even Mr Selwyn Lloyd browsing there one of these days.

* * *

Being regularly on a television programme with two other performers, as I am each week with Dick Crossman and Peter Thorneycroft, is an odd and agreeable form of intimacy. Crossman, of course, I have known for many years. We spent the first two months of the war in a room in the Ministry of Information with little to do except talk. We talked. This is rather different. Between nipping on and off the set we chat, banter and wrangle. Crossman has one of the quickest and most versatile minds I have ever come across. Thorneycroft has been, to me, a complete surprise. His companionship is as jovial and engaging as his views on economics are rigid. Among other things, he is a delightful and accomplished water-colourist. He is much too nice, sensitive, happy and easy-going, I should have thought, ever to be a successful politician. And yet he has been a successful politician, and may again be one. I find it difficult to imagine him sitting in the Treasury, as he once did, calling in those fearful Knights to tell him how the balance of payments stood.

* * *

Everyone has a British Railways story. As a target this unhappy organisation scarcely rates attention. Except in the travel advertisements British Railways are a subject of universal derision. Even so, I cannot resist describing what happened to me the Sunday before last. I was travelling up to London. At Tonbridge the train stopped for half an hour. When I asked why I was told that a new driver had to be fetched because the driver who had brought the train from Hastings did not know the way on to London. This opened up the most astonishing possibilities. The driver might have taken a wrong turning and taken us, say, to Reading. He might have gone up a *cul-de-sac*, or somehow got himself turned round and raced back to the coast. The new driver, when at last he turned up, happily, knew the way to Charing Cross, and got us there.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

This England

We believe that modern conditions, with increasing competition to Co-operative trade, make it essential that we should close our ranks, and we refuse to let ideals, no matter how deserving, cloud our judgment.—Letter in *Reynolds News*. (Anthony Greenwood.)

Sex used to be treated with decent reticence – now it is discussed openly. This sort of thing can do immense harm. The moral standards accepted as 'normal' by most young people today are a case in point.

Why our all-wise Creator should have chosen such a distasteful – even disgusting – means of reproducing humanity is a thing that I, personally, have never been able to understand.—Letter in *Bristol Evening Post*. (C. H. Hobday.)

The move to sell the pier started when the Rev John Pellow, a Congregational minister in Stepney, London, and a native of Looe, went down to open the town's Refugee Year campaign in January. The target was set at £500. The Mayor, Mr Edward Walke, said that in the end, to raise the money, it became a choice between selling the pier and the new public convenience at the foot of the pier. They just could not bring themselves to sell the convenience because it got a special architectural award as the best building of its kind.—*Guardian*. (H. Bristow.)

Most faithful of the crowds which have ringed the Palace for days were a man, a woman and a boy who braved the freezing cold to keep a lonely vigil all last night.

Said the woman: 'I felt certain the baby would be born during the night.'

The man said: 'I had nowhere to go and so, in a fit of patriotism, I thought I might as well wait outside the palace.'—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle*. (P. Waddington.)

Life for Chessman

The staff of San Quentin Prison, California, thought the case of Caryl Chessman was at last disposed of on 6 February 1952 when the following oddly courteous little business note was handed to him in Cell No 2455, Death Row:

Dear Sir,

On this date I received Death Warrant in your case, issued 25 January, 1952, by the Honourable Charles W. Fricke, Judge of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, fixing date for Friday 28 March 1952.

Very truly yours,

Warden. H. O. TEETS,

This was eight years ago. Mr Teets had taken over as Warden from Clinton Duffy, who had surprised almost everyone by accepting an appointment with the 'Adult Authority' at Sacramento (in effect, the California Parole Board), of which he is now vice-chairman. Duffy had spent most of his life in the prison. He was born in it – his father was one of the guards – and he married a girl whose father was a guard. As Warden from 1940 to 1951 he changed this enormous California State Prison from the grey and murderous jungle beloved of the movie directors in the Twenties to a place where, a few months ago, I was able to walk about in the big exercise yard, with an unarmed prison officer, among 4,000 unconfined prisoners of all ages, crimes, and races. Duffy left at last, as his wife reveals in an autobiography*, because he could stand no more executions.

Talking to the San Quentin guards, I found that, although a number of them are now opposed to the death penalty, probably as a legacy from Duffy's influence, none of them wanted to see Caryl Chessman reprieved. They discussed him with a readiness that was startling to one used to visiting English prisons, and seemed mildly surprised – even a little put out – when, because I cannot bear to see prisoners 'on show', I didn't want to interview him. 'That guy has lost everyone's sympathy in here,' said one: 'he's bumptious, and opinionated, and aggressive, and he tries to treat us like we were a bunch of hired men.' But, I said, you don't put a man in the cyanide gas chamber for that? 'It makes you less sorry to see him go in. Do you know what makes Chessman different than other people up there?' ('Up there' was the row of small lighted windows on the top floor, where 24 men were then awaiting execution. Death Row.) 'He's written a book. That's all.'

'Three books,' said another guard.

'Two, if we've got to have the record straight. He never wrote *Cell 2455, Death Row*. That was ghosted. Then the Corrections Board said he wasn't to write any more, so he wrote the next two on paper smuggled in and smuggled out, and boy, are they different from the first one.' (They *are* different; but I find it easier to believe that he did write the first one and that publishers, given a freer hand by circumstances, spoiled the next two.)

I suggested that there were two other differences about Chessman. One was that he alone among the men in Death Row at that time was not a murderer. Assuming that he was rightly convicted, an assumption that is none too easy on a study of the facts available, he was a sex-pervert who unlawfully used firearms and impersonated policemen, but the offence for which he was to die was stealing five dollars from a girl he had dragged into his car, an offence which had been conveniently classified as 'kidnapping for robbery' (and therefore capital, which rape is not) by invoking the 'Little Lindbergh Law'. The other difference resulted from the death, during Chessman's trial, of the official court reporter, leaving shorthand notes which baffled everyone. These were finally 'transcribed' at the direction of the judge, for the purpose of Chessman's first appeal, by a relative of the Deputy District Attorney's who is widely reported to have been a chronic alcoholic. Judge Jesse Carter of the California Supreme Court said on appeal that 'the transcript is neither exact nor complete; it omits certain pertinent testimony; there is therefore no adequate record upon which we can review the case; and the appellant has thus been deprived of a substantial right.'

I quoted this to the guards. 'That guy belongs in the gas room,' was the response.

I knew about the prestige that Chessman had enjoyed during an earlier term at San Quentin, when he taught English in the embryo education department (now a flourishing school with 29 salaried teachers), using his own mimeographed texts instead of the grammar-school readers supplied; when he led the San Quentin debating team against Stanford and the University of California, and addressed civic groups of visitors in the prison lecture room. He was allowed to go to Chino, the California State Institute for Men, the finest open prison, probably, in the world, where men are on trust not to abscond; and he absconded, with the mad but characteristic idea of getting somehow to Germany and assassinating Hitler, as a kind of valedictory criminal apotheosis. In the world of prison, he had fallen from grace.

I found the same attitude among ordinary citizens. Feeling in California seems to be turning against the death penalty, especially in the probation, correctional, and parole services and to a lesser extent among practising attorneys. (The cause of abolition has little support among the police.) A surprising number of prison guards profess, at least, to go all the way with their chief, Mr Richard A. McGee, Director of Corrections, who told me last June that he is now a convinced abolitionist, and further than Governor Edmund G. Brown, who dislikes the death penalty but wants to try an eight-year moratorium.

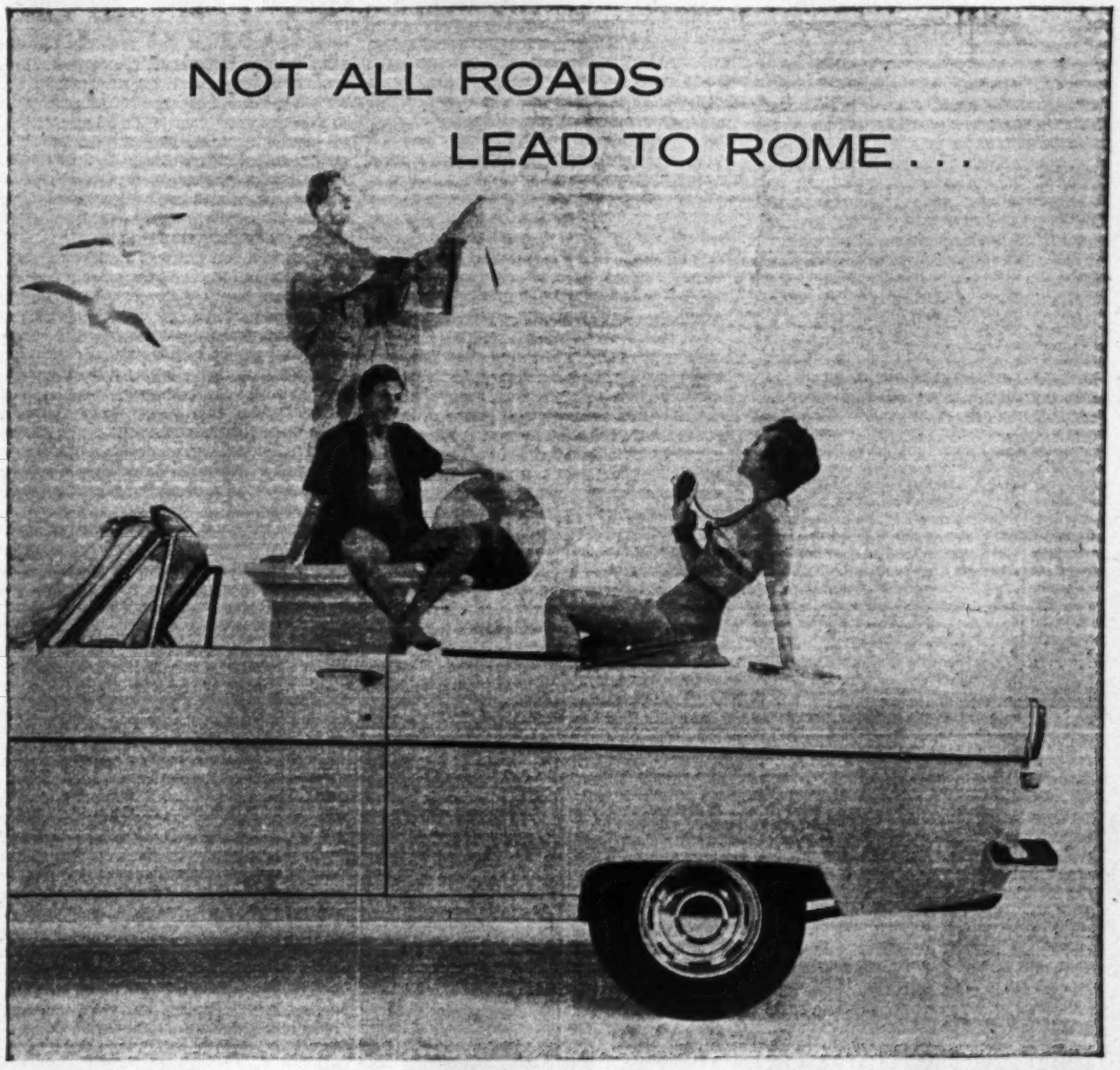
But of Chessman they nearly all seemed to make an exception. He ought to die – 'even,' as one prison driver said to me, 'if he's the last person we ever execute in this state'. I believe it is because the crimes 'proved' against him had sexual cruelty in them that Californians hate him so much more than they hate their murderers. The California penal code puts on paper such a ferocious catalogue of punishments for divergencies from the puritanical norm that merely belonging, openly, to either sex must seem at times an act of gross indecency in itself. I notice, by the way, that under Article 3706 of the code even a pregnant woman convicted of a capital crime gets no more than a suspension of judgment until the baby is born; after which she must be executed. Like most excessively severe codes it is largely ignored, but it may well be that its popular rejection demands an occasional burnt offering, and that this is Chessman's role. He has given it a record run.

The State Department's telegram expressing the fear that the execution might get the President into trouble on his visit to Uruguay must have been a godsend to Governor Brown. Indeed he told a press conference that 'it must have been the hand of God' that brought it to his attention among the flood of messages that had been pouring into his office from all over the world, and that he considered it 'an implied recommendation for clemency'. Yet, if the truth is to be told, Governor Brown has passed the buck, and acknowledges this by his announcement that the purpose of Chessman's 60-day 'reprieve' is to 'give the people of California an opportunity through the legislature to express themselves once more on capital punishment'.

Five years ago California led the United States in the number of persons awaiting execution. On 31 December 1955 over half the 125 men under sentence of death throughout America were distributed thus: California 20, Florida 11, New York 10, Illinois 9, South Carolina 7, Alabama 7. Yet this pre-eminence was not in any way attributable to the Californian murder rate per 100,000 of urban population, which compares favourably with other southern and western states. Private members' bills are introduced in the Californian Senate from time to time seeking to abolish the death penalty. I was able to see some of these in the bills office at the State House in Sacramento last year. But they are usually defeated by at least a two thirds majority. Outside the legislature the attempts to sound public opinion have been surprisingly infrequent in a state so interested in social research of every kind. One of the few such inquiries was organised by the Los Angeles television station (KTTV) four years ago; and of the 15,000 replies, 9,000 favoured abolition and 6,000 retention of the death penalty. The report of the Assembly sub-committee already

* *Warden's Wife*. By Gladys Duffy. Gollancz. 21s.

NOT ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME . . .



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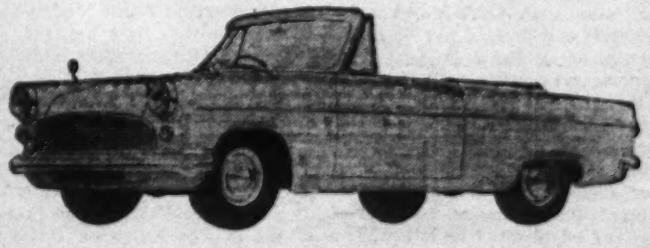

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cited (*Assembly Interim Committee Reports*, Vol. 20, No. 3) said that 'really to discover what is popular opinion in California in regard to the abolition of the death penalty would take a state-wide referendum on the issue'; but although it added that 'some day the question may be settled in that way', it showed no enthusiasm for the proposition that the legislators should sit waiting for a lead.

Senator Fred S. Farr, who is among the leaders of the reform movement, gave me a copy of his bill and a remarkable memorandum which was being published in the *Monterey Peninsular Herald*. 'In my visits to Death Row at San Quentin,' wrote Senator Farr, 'and to other prisons, I have been impressed with a significant fact. There is nothing to distinguish the crimes of the men on death row from those of hundreds of others receiving lesser penalties except for one fact: in almost all cases those on death row are poor and friendless. . . The only class of murderers seldom, if ever, found on Death Row are the professional killers, who generally obtain adequate defence.'

August Vollmer, the former chief of police of Berkeley, whose name is held in the same kind of esteem in American police circles as is Sir Alexander Paterson's in prison circles here, proclaims that 'until capital punishment is abolished, there is little hope of even-handed justice in murder trials.' Or, he might have added, in the trial of any capital crime, a category which, taking the US as a whole, theoretically comprises 31 separate offences. In practice, the crimes most usually treated as capital are murder (in 42 states), kidnapping (37), treason (26), rape (20), and train wrecking (15); but in California there are now only six: first degree murder, kidnapping for ransom, train wrecking, treason, assault by a prisoner already serving a life sentence, and perjury in a capital case if it leads to the execution of an innocent person (though not, it seems, of a guilty one).

Governor Brown's action has not only made Caryl Chessman's permanent reprieve a certainty. Whatever may be thought of the circumstances that brought it there, capital punishment is now for trial at the bar of the Assembly of the State of California; and even before the trial opens it stands utterly discredited as a result of its prolonged encounter with one remarkable and resourceful prisoner.

C. H. ROLPH

The Laird of Shiwa

IF one drives up the lonely, dusty Great North Road for about 500 miles from Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia's capital, one will eventually arrive at Shiwa-Ngandu, a place which is rapidly becoming as legendary in Africa, as is its owner, Sir Stewart Gore-Browne. Shiwa-Ngandu means 'the lake of the crocodiles' and was discovered by David Livingstone in January 1867. From a nearby hill Livingstone took what turned out to be remarkable accurate bearings and named it after his dog who had been drowned crossing the lake. This part of Rhodesia, known as the Northern Province, consists of miles of monotonous low bush relieved by the occasional outcrop of granite. It has been inhabited for the last few centuries by the Bemba tribe, immigrants from the Congo, who used to prefer to raid their neighbour's grain bins rather than bother to cultivate their own land. Recently the Northern Rhodesian administration has been concerned at the low productivity of this part of the protectorate, and has at last started some improvement schemes. It is a pity that earlier it did not heed the example of Shiwa and its enlightened owner.

In the early 1900's, Gore-Browne used to race cars at Brooklands, which was owned and built by his uncle; but in 1913, growing bored with peace-time soldiering, he volunteered to join a boundary commission which was set up to settle rival claims between Northern Rhodesia and the Belgian Congo. For three years he and four British officers, together with a party of Belgian officers, mapped unexplored parts of this territory. The task completed, Gore-Brown left his brother officers and decided to trek on alone and return home via Dar-es-Salaam, the then German port. One evening in 1914 he saw for the first time the blue lake and hills of Shiwa and swore there and then that this would be his home and life. The area was then all but uninhabited except by game, big and small, and after staying there for a short while, Gore-Browne went on home, having bought four cows and a bull which he left in the care of some local Africans.

The advent of the First World War prevented Gore-Browne from establishing any definite title to the area; but the British South Africa Company rather reluctantly gave him an option on 10,000 acres and later sold him a total of 23,000 acres. Shiwa is one of the few freehold estates in the Northern Province, where nearly all the area is Native Trust land. In this context it is interesting to note that less than 6 per cent of the total area of Northern Rhodesia is Crown land, the rest being native reserves and Native Trust land, as well as game and forest reserve. Some 10 per cent is classified as 'useless for agricultural purposes'.

In 1920 Gore-Browne came back to Shiwa, travelling the last 500 miles on foot and by canoe; and he was shortly afterwards joined by his brother and sister-in-law, who travelled by the same route from civilisation. They started turning the bush into the foundations of an estate. The four cows and one bull had now turned into one cow and 11 bulls, but nevertheless the neighbouring Africans gave the party a great welcome and before long up to 1,000 at a time were being employed. One of the great tasks was to build a road and this was done under the supervision of Gore-Browne's brother and sister-in-law with the help of an old steam traction engine which is still at Shiwa and designated as a national monument.

As the years went by, houses, farm buildings, shops and schools were built from local material and local labour. The newcomers persuaded the Africans to overcome their traditional fear of evil spirits on the lake and encouraged the fish. Today a hundredweight is taken daily from the lake, and fish is now one of the main pillars of the local diet. Later on Gore-Browne built himself a house with a chapel attached, unconsecrated by any one faith and used by various Christian denominations every Sunday.

With the main pioneering work completed, it is not surprising that Gore-Browne entered politics. In 1935 he was elected to represent the Broken Hill area, which stretched from the railway line in the south to Lake Tanganyika in the north. His toughest constituents were the railwaymen, whose leader was an engine driver called Roy Welensky. In 1937 Gore-Browne represented the protectorate at the Coronation; and later, when he was invited to become the unofficial representative of Native interests in the Legislative Council, his seat at Broken Hill was filled by Welensky. For years Gore-Browne devotedly looked after African interests; and, although he was a colleague of Welensky for many years, he eventually broke with him and his party over the imposition of federation.

Shiwa being so far from a railway or centre of population, the problems of making farming pay are very considerable. Success seemed assured some years ago when, after 20 years of hard work and experiment and the expenditure of very considerable capital, about £12,000 per annum was being taken from distilling essential oils from limes and the flowers of the bitter orange. Suddenly a world-wide virus killed every one of the 10,000 lime trees, and now the expensive distillery is abandoned. Today, however, there are nearly 1,000 head of various beef cattle, four or five of which are killed weekly to provide meat for Africans, and for the local market, and a dairy herd of Jerseys, producing milk and butter. Large parts of the estate are covered with plantations of Australian gum, eucyliptus, and cypress for the estate's own sawmill. By using a very old indigenous method of fertilising the soil by burning branches cut and stacked from local trees, a new way of growing trees quicker has been established. At first the idea was scoffed at by the experts but now it is known as the Shiwa method.

In few places in Africa can there exist a better relation between owner and employee. Every man, woman and child reveres the boss, whom they affectionately call 'Chibembere' – the rhinoceros. The Bemba have wonderful natural manners but these grow from respect and not subservience. The big house is rather like a laird's castle in Scotland. Local game graces the table, and fruits and vegetables come from the garden. Every evening port is passed round after dinner by African servants, most of whom have been in service for over 30 years.

On his occasional visits to Europe, Gore-Browne takes his African chauffeur, Henry, everywhere. On the last trip Henry greatly enjoyed the Salzburg Festival, but got bored with films in London - 'too much adultery'. Only when in transit across Africa does the colour bar reappear, and Gore-Browne and Henry have to eat at different places. In his late aunt's house at Brooklands, Gore-Browne entertained many African leaders like Dr Hastings Banda, whose detention without trial he greatly deplores. When once he invited Banda to be his house-guest at Shiwa, the visit was thwarted by Banda's being banned from the territory. When he was carrying out political duties in Lusaka, Gore-Browne's house there was the only European house which used to entertain African politicians.

It is not difficult to appreciate that Gore-Browne is virtually the uncrowned king of the Northern Province, in spite of the fact that he retired from active politics at the time of federation. Indeed political observers in the federation agree that the fact that there was no need to extend the emergency to Northern Rhodesia last year can be largely credited to Gore-Browne's influence. Over the years nearly every commission has visited Shiwa, and there is little doubt that members of the Monckton team will find Gore-Browne a fluent and experienced witness. Although it is

Bob Cham came to London

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yet too early to know how complete and effective will be the native boycott of the commission, their complaints against federation will no doubt be fairly and firmly voiced by the owner of Shiwa. He will say once again what he has been telling his fellow politicians for many years – that no federation can work unless it is accepted by the indigenous population, and that the present state of affairs has so alienated the good-will of Africans that nothing short of starting again, nearly from scratch, can save the day.

If members of the Monckton Commission want to see partnership between races in practice they should mark and take note of the methods at Shiwa and listen to the experience and wisdom of someone who for the past 40 years has practised the love of his fellow human beings, regardless of colour or creed, and made it work.

EDWARD MONTAGU

Can Anyone Lend Me a Knife?

JUST after the first world war, when train services were almost as bad as they are today, we had five changes on the journey from Huddersfield to school in Oxford. Anything which delayed our arrival at school brought no complaint from us; and one of these changes, with its 45-minute wait for a connection, seemed an active, instead of merely a passive, extension of the holidays. This was at Woodford, where incidentally the Great Central abandoned us and the Great Western took us in; but where, significantly, there was the most satisfying slot machine that we had ever seen.

This machine was painted bright red; it was tall, spindly and ornamented, like some Gothic background to an Osbert Lancaster cartoon; and it was many-slotted. In one slot there were chocolate creams, in another milk chocolate bars, in a third caramel toffees, in a fourth throat pastilles; and, in slots on a sort of balcony half way up the tapered tower, there were cigarettes—five Woodbines in an open-ended paper packet, with a match inside, or two, sinister-coloured, Carols, which were very strong. My brothers and I invariably looked green when at last we arrived at school and had to explain that we were upset by riding with our backs to the engine. Cigarettes, however, were only one of the machine's attractions. Another was that if we half opened a slot, tilted upwards, inserted a knife underneath and then pressed the knife against two metal tongues, we could continue to open and shut the slot, receiving throat pastilles without further expenditure, until the Great Western Railway Company chose to fulfil its obligations by taking us, not to a remand home, but on to Oxford.

I had long ago forgotten about this splendid machine until the other day when I walked round the New Horticultural Hall in Westminster to see the second Automatic Vending Exhibition. Then contrast reminded me of it. Here were machines which, at the press of a button, gave you coffee or tea, with or without sugar, or with a double helping of sugar, with or without milk – at the press of a button and, of course, at the insertion of sixpence. Other machines, on the insertion of half a crown, gave you a hot joint with two veg. Still others, fixed to a make-believe wall, offered an ever-open shop, for those who live in the waste-lands of flats, or in improperly planned housing estates, or in such areas as north Oxford, where the presence of ordinary shops is not allowed to offend the sensibilities of the class-conscious residents.

These were not the slot machines I used to know. They are called 'vending' machines now and soon, I fear, will be called 'automatic merchandising' machines. They are different in design, sleek and shiny instead of fussily angular. Their products are vastly more varied and, no doubt, better; and there is no place in them into which one can usefully insert a knife.

Still greater changes are on the way. No one has yet actually marketed Chaplin's machine which saved a man the trouble of feeding himself; but there is a machine on sale, called the micro-resonance vibrator, which is designed to remove fatigue from the feet of those who have to stand for long hours in factories, but which, with its slogan 'This will do your exercises for you,' will no doubt appeal to a car-owning public no longer inclined to walk. No one has yet marketed a machine for providing unbent nibs in post offices; but there are machines for the sale of books of stamps, postal orders and letter-cards. Shall we, in all this soulless, gleaming efficiency, miss the human companionship of the lackadaisical ladies who gossip to each other behind post office counters while the queues lengthen, or of the overworked, bunion-tortured waitresses who slop tea over clothless tables? I doubt it. Some workers do complain that tea, in cardboard, does not taste as good as tea in pot and will complain further if managements, impressed by the speed of service from machines, try to cut down the tea-break in the interest of higher production. But good, companionable, personal service will not be missed – because it is already too much a thing of the past, like my Woodford slot machine.

I was brooding on such things when suddenly, for all practical purposes, I was back on the Woodford platform. In the very centre of the exhibition, was my own machine, claiming to be 59 years old but spruced up to its brightest red. Its slots were still full of chocolate creams, peppermints, throat pastilles and all; and at once I was back to my childhood of village shops, which sold everything and could find nothing, of unwrapped food stored next to the paraffin, of kettles perpetually boiling on the hob ready for the ever present pot of tea, of milk poured straight from can to jug or even straight from udder to mouth. How much warmer all that seemed! I gazed at the red machine and, automatically, began fumbling for my knife.

I have not carried a knife for 40 years. Further, I hate the taste of paraffin and shudder at the idea of milk squirted straight from the cow. By the passage of years, if by nothing else, I have been transported to modern times, whether I like them or not. On the whole, I suppose, I *do* like them. But . . . can anyone lend me a knife? I'd like to try it on the machine which automatically serves you gin and tonic and automatically stops at closing time.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Arts and Entertainment

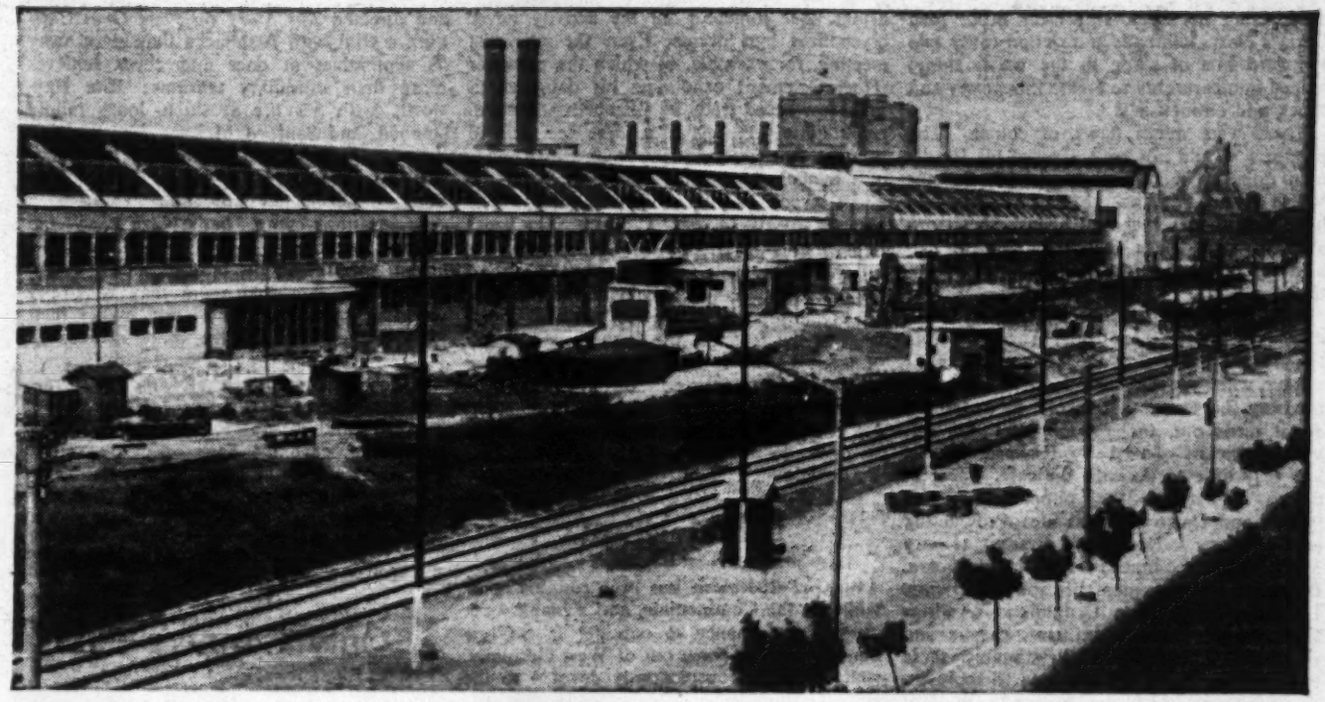
The Silence of Catharsis

AFTER DIONYSUS had boomed his last denunciation from the back of the Tower Theatre, Agave and the chorus had said their last say and the lights had finally gone down on *The Bacchae*, the audience sat on in utter silence. And it was not, I think, simply a matter of not knowing when the end of the play came; it was the silence of shock, of catharsis. For *The Bacchae* is the most concentrated, inward and savage of all Greek tragedies, and in David Thompson's production not a jot of the play's power was lost.

The Tavistock Company's success lay in three essential qualities. First was the speed of the production. From the first wild drumming in the dark and the appearance of Dionysus isolated in a pool of light, the action was marshalled with extraordinary precision. There was no interval to break up the sequence, no faltering or unnecessary business between the episodes. Even the choral speaking, on which Greek revivals usually founder, was crisp and clear; the words were thrown from group to group across the stage and back, with not a syllable blurred. Like the play itself, the production was a model of the Aristotelian unities.

Second was the simplicity. There was no scenery except black drapes and a slightly raised platform. So both space and feeling were defined simply by the lighting, which was subtle enough to counterbalance the Tower's ridiculously small stage. The big effects – the earthquake and the final assumption of Dionysus in his cloud – happened behind the audience's back. So we seemed to be in the middle of the action, which, in the circumstances, was as near as Mr Thompson could get to production in the round. There was no attempt to excuse the chorus by making it operatic. The only music was that of the drums and, occasionally, of a single voice chanting eerily above the rest. Otherwise the precision of the choral speaking itself was both music and comment at once.

Third was the understanding of everyone who took part. The Tavistock Company are lucky to have three very talented amateur actors: William Phillips as Dionysus, Richard Beale as Pentheus and Alice Spaul as Agave. But everyone, down to the last member of the chorus, seemed to know precisely what the play was about. Far too often in modern productions of Greek drama, the tragedy gets lost in a kind of over-ripe humanitarianism, in a mellow piety for remote Gods and fine talk about the Golden Mean. Nothing could be less right for *The Bacchae*. It is a work of horror, without a touch of melodrama, about the savagery and fascination of the hidden, Dionysian desires. Bacchus does not punish Pentheus for his impieties; he strips him layer by layer to reveal the prurient curiosity which swarms under his military Puritanism. In Gilbert Murray's translation, there is a stage direction at the climax of Dionysus's temptation of Pentheus, saying that the latter 'simply speaks the thoughts that Dionysus puts into him, losing power over his own mind'. The Freudians would make something more inevitable and less pleasant of the way the King, once he has admitted his lust to see his mother in the throes of what he thinks is a sexual orgy, dresses himself up as a woman and goes up the mountain unarmed to be torn apart, in a last orgasm of violence, by his own



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mother and the Bacchae. The triumph of this production was in the way the horror was present from the start, instead of being forced on us suddenly when Agave finally enters brandishing her sons' ripped-off head. Neil Curry's clear, idiomatic translation (only two awkward bits of slang in the whole thing) helped immeasurably to create this power and shock and ominousness.

There were minor flaws, of course. The producer should not have allowed his Herdsman quite so much latitude in his Balkan-Welsh accent. Perhaps, too, half-masks would have helped preserve the Chorus's impersonality at such close quarters. But for an amateur production the standard was exceptionally high.

Inherit the Wind (Pembroke Theatre, Croydon) is a classic piece of courtroom drama based upon the trial of the Tennessee schoolmaster who was indicted, 36 years ago, for teaching the Darwinian theory of evolution. As it turns out, the schoolmaster himself, sympathetically played by Richard Owens, has very little to do with the case. The real drama is between the opposed counsels (Bryan and Darrow in real life). Prosecuting is Matthew Harrison Brady (Henry McCarthy), three times Presidential candidate, Bible-puncher, sentimentalist and rhetorician. Defending is William Drummond (Andrew Cruikshank), agnostic, brilliant, caustic and rationalist humanitarian. Presumably these two battling giants are intended to represent the poles on which the American Way of Life rolls on its inevitable way: Bigotry and Progress massively fighting it out – though in appallingly uncertain accents – while the Tennesseean citizens cheer whoever is uppermost.

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-ou "AU POTEAU!"?
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In this production in the round, Terence Kilburn fills the whole theatre with the noise of battle. Bands play, hymns are raucously sung, the locals peddle hot dogs and cold drinks. But somehow all the activity never crystallizes into drama. Even the revivalist meeting, for example, in which the preacher (Noel Coleman) denounces his daughter (a good low-keyed study by Elizabeth Shepherd) never quite gets beyond a mere spectacle to produce that necessary touch of crowd madness in the night. The direction perhaps, for all its inventiveness is too slack. But so is the play. It seems to lack a centre. The legal lions roar at each other; the daughter is rejected by her father and opts for the schoolteacher, for sweetness and light; the crowd is fickle; the reporter (Daniel Moynihan) churlish. In the separate details there was plenty of interest. But in its final effect *Inherit the Wind* seemed to demand the compelling focus of the cinema to bring all the threads together. No doubt it will eventually get what it wants.

A. ALVAREZ

Ballad Drama

THE *Girl Rosemarie* has been running some while, at the Continentale, and a blank week presents the chance to consider it. So few films of interest come out of West Germany, which seems inconspicuously devoted to the good German or to naughty girls, that any attempt to rise higher merits attention. The aim here has been to take a famous scandal – the murder of the call-girl Rosemarie in Frankfurt involving a whole society much as the Montesi Scandal did in Rome – and build up on this a Brechtian satire. More (you might say) in the East German line? There's the trouble; once again – with the best intentions – effort falls short in the vigour and style essential to it.

But at least this time the theme is there, the attempt two-thirds succeeds. The girl in a mackintosh – how romantic is the soiled mackintosh! – pushes her way through the revolving door of some *Palast* lounge, ruled by a bald magnificence in uniform; she sits at a table, asks magnificence for a light; he tells her the street is her place and she goes back to her usual gambit, with two street musicians, of parading herself for the eyes drawn to windows. In this way she catches a big-business customer; one by one the heads of a cartel are bedded; they talk; their secrets are tape-recorded; soon our Rosemarie is at the top of her particular tree and in a position to bring the lot crashing down.

She hasn't quite the bravura to pull it off. In a climatic scene she crashes a party, scares her paramours and sends their wives jumping for charity into a pool. Later comes the real struggle, when all she can do is get drunk at a bar and go home to be murdered – nobody, of course, will ever know by whom. She had it coming to her; and the musicians send a new girl in a mackintosh through the revolving door to start the cycle afresh.

Imagine all this decked out on several levels, with caustic ballads from the street, mask-like evolutions in bars, a youthful prophet of doom, the cartel bosses emerging from seven black Mercedes to form a musical comedy procession, and the score changing from *musique concrète* to rock 'n' roll. Smooth where it should be jagged, it doesn't quite achieve a style; especially as the tale running through is for the most part pedestrian. We don't care about the people; we aren't touched or enraged; but the sardonic moments tell, and so too does the wry romanticism. The director is Rolf Thiele.

Otherwise the week's melodramas are painfully stereotyped. Clifford Odets has written and directed *The Story on Page One* (Carlton), a trial with flashbacks that gives away its sympathies at once and never achieves more than subsidiary tensions: Rita Hayworth, with her life at stake, looks mildly stunned, and Sanford Meisner puts life into the nasty prosecutor. Then there is the all-too-British *Conspiracy of Hearts* (Leicester Square), which has war, nuns, children, a concentration camp, bad Nazis and sad Eyeties, sadism in chapels, and the firing squad thwarted in the nick of time – everything! The fact that these may require a warm or hushed response only makes their wholesale exploitation the more dislikeable. Never have nuns been more recklessly suicidal than these with their incompetent rescues and concealments: they place lorries full of escaped children where the Nazis must find them, and leave the door open to a secret Jewish service in the cellar so that the Rabbi may be shot in the back. Only this film could have rescued them to bungle and sweeten another day.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Only Connect — II

TO answer the questions with which I ended last week, it is necessary to go back a little in history. Picasso painted his *Meninas* in 1957 but the innovations on which it is based date back to the turn of the century or a little earlier. How did the Impressionists, and even more strikingly the Cubists, differ from all preceding artists? In their method of drawing? Yes. But this reflected something more profound than a *stylistic* revolution. These new artists set out to prove something rather than describe something. Their sense of the truth had gone beyond the immediate evidence supplied by their eyes. They realised that the appearance of a given object in a given position at a given moment – the appearance, for example, of the dog as Velasquez had painted it – only represented a single, arbitrarily selected stage in many different, unfolding processes. And so they wanted to examine and prove these processes, to make them the very content of their new art. The Impressionists were concerned with the process of seeing, with optics. The Cubists were concerned with movement and wanted to prove that space itself was a process. I can't now elaborate this. I want only to establish the generalisations and to remind you that similar changes had taken place and were taking place in other fields. Darwin, Marx, Freud, were all concerned with revealing new processes; whilst the advent of modern physics meant, exactly, that the notion of substance had to be replaced by the notion of behaviour

Only by understanding this can we begin to recognise the kind of truth that the best modern paintings reveal. And only by recognising that, can we begin to answer last week's question satisfactorily. Let us then compare the two pictures again.

The Velasquez preserves one moment. The Picasso reveals the genesis of any moment Imagine the Velasquez in ten seconds' time. The door shut. The lady-in-waiting no longer kneeling. Everything will have been changed, all the relationships will be different. But with the Picasso it is not like that. Nothing in it has yet reached the definition of a specific

Avis Unileverensis

(MANAGERIALIS)

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HABITS: TOO VARIOUS TO LIST
HABITAT: THE WORLD
DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERISTIC: A HIGH FLYER

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event. Too many doubts have been left open. Yet at the same time there is no doubt about what the picture represents. You may say a dog doesn't look like that, but you know very well that it's a dog.

Here you might argue: 'All right. But you could say the same about any primitive work based on the minimum of observation.' I agree. One could. Magic and mathematics are both equally far from specific physical phenomena. Consequently one can't judge between them by that criterion alone; one must look further.

We will then see how in fact Picasso has neither rejected the achievements of Velasquez nor returned to a neo-primitivism. Picasso indeed accepts the achievements of the earlier picture, but he tries to extend their significance by further questioning. The space that fills the room is admitted. Yet he allows some of the forms to remain unpinned-down, to swing like loose shutters. Perspective – see the figure in the door – is admitted. Yet the gigantic, disproportionate figure of the painter questions this perspective, reminds us *that measurement is only a convention.* Light is admitted, yet the forms on which it falls (the Infanta's face, the torso of the woman carrying the tray) are painted so as to prevent us thinking about them in terms of instantaneous appearances. *Thus light is treated as a constant.*

Every individual event is included, but is made far less separate than in the Velasquez. Each figure is divided into more distinct parts and yet at the same time is far more related to its surroundings. There are no edges in the Picasso. The components with which he builds are either much smaller or much larger than those with which Velasquez builds. *There is no longer any proprietary scale, there is only continuity of structure.*

Above all there is no longer a centre upon which the whole picture is focused. The reality of the Velasquez entirely depends upon your standing, facing the open door, with the dog nearer to you than anything else. But as you look at the Picasso, *you can allow for the reality of the scene being recognised from any view-point,* even from the open door from where the dog would be the furthest thing away from you. Not only can you allow for it. Picasso actually encourages you to consider it. All the forms he has painted are simultaneously seen from more than one direction. In terms of the reality of what is depicted, there is no point of rest, no single point of truth. This is what disconcerts so many people.

Velasquez used everything he had to define the event he was painting. He succeeded so well that his work prophesies the advent of the camera two centuries later. Picasso refuses to define any specific event because he constantly questions, in terms of time, space and position, what can constitute a valid definition of it under all circumstances. Exactly the same kind of questioning led Einstein to his two theories of Relativity. These were published in 1905 and 1916. Between those years Cubism was born, developed, and changed the history of painting. It is still the basis of Picasso's art.

Now, what does this mean? It does not mean that Picasso or his important contemporaries necessarily read Einstein. Nor does it mean that his paintings are diagrams illustrating the findings of modern physics – any more than Velasquez's paintings are Newtonian diagrams. What it may mean, however, is that painting can in its own way reflect more directly than any other art the principal conclusions of the current scientific view of the physical universe. I suspect that this is the case. One must remember that neither scientific nor artistic developments are independent; both depend upon the technical and ideological possibilities of their time. The questions that scientists and artists put to themselves have been created by the same history.

Certainly the two most revolutionary scientific conclusions of our time seem relevant to the preoccupations of our most revolutionary artists: the Principle of Relativity which states that there is no such thing as *the* time or *the* distance between two events: and the Principle of Indeterminacy based on the fact that we cannot look at the course of nature without disturbing it. Indeed if I had to sum up the preoccupations of these artists I would write something very much like that last sentence. They have wrestled with the knowledge that life is always freer than the observation of it.

If I am right, we are led to two further points worth thinking about. First, scientists today are always emphasising that there is no satisfactory way of picturing the fundamental processes of nature – hence so much popular ignorance and misconception. In a sense, of course, they must be right about this, particularly because of the scale concerned in the processes. The Quantum theory applies to electrons and not Infantas. But if scientists mean it is impossible to picture the way man must now adapt himself to the new conception of the universe created by their theories, I believe that they may be wrong and that in the long run it will be seen that this is precisely what our best art is doing. (Warning to Action Painters: the rejection of strict causality in Quantum Mechanics does *not* constitute a return to chaos.) Second, millions of useless words have been written during this century in aesthetic justification of modern art. In fact our art cannot be justified or properly enjoyed until the truth of what it is saying is understood. Aesthetics can contribute nothing to such an understanding. My argument, I think, contributes a little. Here is the beginning of the proof that the best art of our time is not arbitrarily the result of personality and temperament. I hope that others, better equipped than I, may now take the argument further. I am convinced that it is a crucial one.

JOHN BERGER

Pocket Piazza

INCREASED car-parking is not the only thing a tall city needs. Particularly during the change-over from three-storey brick townscape to ten-storey window-wall, Motropolis, the creation of ground-level public spaces is essential. Between Mad. Ave.'s concept of institutional advertising, and Commissioner Moses's concept of the public good, New York is beginning to acquire a number of these 'piazzas', and the idea goes back as far as Rockefeller Plaza. Not so in London, where an unbuilt volume occupying two bays of the frame of Berk House in Baker Street was, until recently, all we had to show. Things have now taken a further short, but vital, step in the creation of a garden in the central court of the new Sanderson building in Berners Street (Architects: Slater and Uren; assistant and interior co-ordinator, Geoffrey Holroyd). Although this garden lies well within the limits of the building and serves, among other things, to separate in- and out-going traffic from the underground car-park, it is fully visible from the street because the main street-side block is stilted up on columns.

It suffers from isolation – you can't go and sit in it, and it has to be sealed off by security gates out of office hours – but it still deserves praise on two further counts besides its pioneering status. Firstly, its very existence exposes the cheapskate arguments against the creation of public amenity on the Monico site in Piccadilly. Secondly, it is the first real break with the dim old tradition of pretending that town gardens are really country gardens, and doing them up with Cotswold godwottery. Here there is a feeling of urban sophistication (school of Noguchi's

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*

RICHARD CROSSMAN

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GRANADA TV

Zen garden at UNESCO), some fairly crisp use of mosaic glitter, giant marble pebble patterns in the bottoms of the pools (which appear to offend garden specialists, but not me) and the few plants are as firmly in quotation marks as the sculptured objects. A bit fashiony perhaps, but display gardening can do with some smartening up.

REYNER BANHAM

Let Battle Continue

NO DOUBT about it, it's the sharp, unrehearsed clash that makes the best television. *Free Speech* is the classic example – but here, though they argue, in the strict sense, without rehearsal – the regulars know one another's moves so well that one has an occasional impression of synthetic indignation. A good instance last week was the tart exchange, in *Late Extra*, between the author (Ernest Borneman) and the producer (Peter Cotes) of a play, *Girl on the Highway*, about whose production they had already differed publicly. But those differences were in separate interviews, in cold print: it was a good idea to confront them with each other, and a real sense of smouldering tension came across, Mr Cotes looking rather the cooler of the two. Mr Borneman quoted bitterly some of the critics' disparaging comments – 'all solely due' to changes made after control of the play had passed from him to Mr Cotes. Mr Cotes had a neat come-back: he quoted Mr Borneman as having said, at a rehearsal, 'I think Peter has done a marvellous job'. The critics, and the public, had the neatest come-back of all: the play finished three days later.

Late Extra is not an 'important' programme, and the laughter of the extras who help to populate it sounds thin and forced; but something as interesting as this is often mixed in with its second-rate cabaret turns, and one cannot entirely ignore it.

At a far higher level, though differing completely in kind, were two other recent conflicts: the 'sheer bloody poetry' (as a Glasgow viewer called it) of the World Cup football match between Brazil and Sweden, in *This Wonderful World*, the effect of this being greatly enhanced by some brilliant audience-reaction shots; and Monday night's *Panorama* corrida, with Mr Foulkes of the ETU as the reluctant bull. Here, and in Sunday's *Book Man*, some of the legal risks involved in these unscripted conflicts were illustrated startlingly: the BBC's challenge to Mr Foulkes, inviting him to sue for libel, was obviously a calculated risk – but, unless he or they had signed an indemnity in advance, the BBC would presumably have been liable, with him, if he had said anything libellous about those of his own union who had attacked him. As in the World Cup match, some reaction shots, of pro- and anti-Communist electricians, might have made a remarkable interview even more fascinating. In *The Book Man*, too, nobody could have foreseen that one of those interviewed would have innocently let slip a remark which has since been alleged to be contempt of court. Because, statistically, one can fairly conclude that several of any British jury are watching television at any one time, the gravity of contempt may be far greater on TV than in any but the most widely circulated newspapers, but this particular matter has been referred to the Directors of Public Prosecutions, and I had better drop it.

Rather *more* conflict was needed in the second *Lifeline* about the medium who sat

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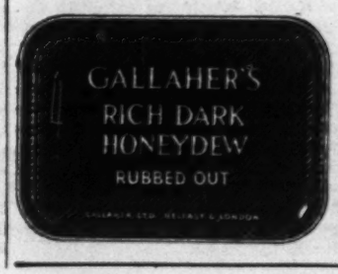

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FLAKE OR RUBBED OUT

with, unbeknown to him, Mrs Stafford-Clark. Understandably, but mufflingly, everyone was on such tenterhooks of courtesy and tolerance that any potential clash melted into a vague blur of good will. On the first occasion, the medium's performance had been rivetingly impressive; in the repeat, a sceptic might have detected a few loopholes or kites. Many of the identifications of dead relatives were indisputably successful; yet I did not feel that Dr Stafford-Clark's list of four possible explanations of this success was quite so exhaustive and scientific as it sounded. Nor, perhaps, was it for the medium, on top of all the compliments showered on him, to pay a special tribute to his own 'confidence and complete integrity'. But, simply as thought-provoking television, this was an outstanding programme.

There may be an interesting clash of another sort at the next Conservative Party conference. I can report a trend among rank-and-file Tories (or perhaps only, so far, a trendlet) which will enrage the commercial pressure-group in Parliament. The Northern Conservative Women's Advisory Committee has passed, by the overwhelming majority of 200 to 6, a resolution urging the Government to consider immediately granting the BBC a licence to run the third TV network; Mrs Rossiter, of South Shields, who moved the resolution, used the sensible argument, often advanced by critics, that a choice of channels has not resulted in a genuine choice of programmes, and that, to secure this balance, two networks must be planned jointly. Again, last week's debate at the Oxford Union, on the same subject, resulted in a smashing defeat for ITV, whose champion – the redoubtable Norman Collins himself – was routed by Christopher Mayhew, and a number of able undergraduate speakers, by 175 votes to 30.

The latter decision may be at least as significant as the former; for the present tone of the Oxford Union is predominantly Tory. Mr Collins's strategy is said to have been the obvious one of seeking to identify opposition to commercial television with Socialism, and undergraduate opinion is often reflected in national swings a decade or so later. Apart from his serious case, Mr Mayhew seems to have brought the house down by flourishing two white handkerchiefs, one washed in Daz, the other in 'another well-known product', and challenging Mr Collins to distinguish between them, on the ground that, as chairman of ATV, he could not escape personal responsibility for the commercials shown during his programmes.

TOM DRIBERG

Women's International Art Club, at the RBA Galleries

The WIAC is to be congratulated on taking itself seriously, inviting an American contribution and then making sure that it is hung fair and square in relation to the European pictures. The result justifies its courage. It is a lively and pleasurable exhibition to look at as well as being commendable in conception. The American pictures, as might be expected, do stand out by virtue not only of their scale but also of their self-confident and committed approach. They do not batter away at the senses with Amazonian abandon; they are all as lyrical as their European neighbours, and this quality is perhaps the sole indication that the whole exhibition is produced by women. This lyricism is more concerned with the act of painting than with the ostensible subject matter. On wider evidence than this one exhibition women are much less concerned with symbols than are men. Even when they paint doggies and horses (which they do not do here) they paint 'my' dog, 'my' horse. Even when most abstract they tend to domesticate art. But exactly what it is that women may bring to the visual arts as an original and specifically feminine contribution remains an intriguing speculation.

K. G. S.

St Francis, by Anthony Milner, at the RFH

It will be interesting to see if the twelve-note system can produce a pæan of divine praise; a *Threni* or a *De Profundis*, yes, but a *Te Deum*? Meanwhile, religiously-minded composers stick to simple major diatonics; the trouble is, they are finding it increasingly difficult to conceive significant material in this idiom (Britten excepted). The least inspired sections of Anthony Milner's *St Francis* are the quasi-pentatonic Aria and the neo-Purcellian ritornello of the final Rondo. Neither an isorhythmic bass in the first case nor some routine added notes in the second make this music any more vital than its equivalent in Parry. The darker elements – piled-up perfect and augmented fourths suggesting the young Francis's 'evil ways' and free chromatics expressing 'passion and pain' – are far more imaginative, as is the freely tonal impressionism portraying the birds, the wind and the fire. They call to mind this promising composer's much more impressive work *The Harrowing of Hell*, in which free chromaticism is naturally prominent. Unfortunately, the wind and fire passages are not integrated into the form; indeed, the only satisfying structure is the birds' scherzo, a fascinating Tippett-like *moto perpetuo* with changing time-signatures. Milner seems to have handled the difficult textural problem of choral and orchestral polyphony awkwardly, though the rough performance made it hard to tell. It was enterprising of Dr Jacques and the Bach Choir to mount the work, but the large chorus sang too feebly to make their contrapuntal entries tell.

D.C.

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Correspondence

EDUCATING LITTLE JACK

SIR, – It was encouraging to read Critic's apt comment on the tense situation in some of our schools; and Mr Squibb's sincere and thoughtful contribution is evidence that teachers who add a social conscience to their pedagogic skill are perturbed by the corrosive effects that an acquisitive 'admass' society can have upon the values that education seeks to preserve and transmit.

May I be permitted, in this discussion, to narrow the question down to the unbookish 70-85 IQ group and make it clear that those who share my views welcome the raising of the school-leaving age, but take leave to question its wisdom for this group only until we attempt to ask ourselves what we can do with and for these poorly-endowed pupils before we condemn them to further futility? Despite the valiant efforts of enlightened teachers, the problem is nowhere near a general solution, for it is far more than educational. What are the problems of these children and what are the educational methods and social objectives that best serve their interests?

In the first place we are not greatly concerned with louts who have intelligence; they constitute a problem that firm discipline can control – if the teacher is supported by those in authority above him. But we must be deeply moved by those who simply cannot learn for lack of intelligence and the booklish type of mind. This group, perhaps as much as 10 per cent of our school population, finds school frustrating and humiliating. As adults they are inarticulate and hardly capable of writing their names and remain a constant source of misery, cost and strain to the community – not through inborn malevolence on their parts, but because they are misfits born into an age that is hostile to the 'dim'. In self-defence they create their own world – the world of the gang, noisy cacophony, 'teddy' clothes, the excitement of violence, unrestrained and thoughtless promiscuity, crime and misery, with society meeting an infinitely heavier bill at the end than would have met the cost of fitting them for a place in the community. Let me add that the provision of youth clubs and recreational facilities alone – *pace* Lady Albemarle – is, in the context of the foregoing, merely putting a poultice on a cancer.

We do not punish the limbless child because he cannot run, nor do we humiliate the blind pupil because he cannot take the art class; yet we constantly shame the backward child because the multiplication tables, reading and spelling are beyond him – forgetting that he, too, is like the cripple and the blind, a deprived child. The difference is that his defect is not so visible as an empty arm socket.

I have already stated that there are as many fine human beings in this 70-85 IQ group as in any other group, but we drag them through school in the 'tail' of every class because we do not know how to teach them, classes being as large as they are; and at 15, when they are already sexually and physically mature, we turn them out into a hostile world where they simply cannot get jobs against the competition of the more intelligent. Most of them descend into poverty, crime and misery because society cannot give them the dignity and security of a place in which they can serve. A mental hospital is now providing work for some of its inmates, thereby helping to cure them and restore them to society; Remploy and other agencies give hope to the crippled; the blind, after special schooling, are taught a skill and placed in secure employment. By these means the blind, the crippled and now the mentally ill, are gaining dignity, a place in society, and they cease to be social dangers.

I respectfully suggest that we must deal with the group to which I have confined my arguments in a similar way. First, in the schools, special classes devoted mainly to informal

education, social training, simple manual skills, personal hygiene, games, group and individual activities and simple project methods. Secondly the government should schedule a range of service occupations – simple jobs requiring little or no skill – to be restricted to this group. It should not be possible for a man with the IQ of a university graduate to be, say, a railway porter, a bus cleaner or a lamplighter. With a range of occupation available to them, let the schools help the children to choose the jobs they want and, at 13, move them into an 'industrial cadet group'. They would learn their simple skills on the job, and with a teacher in the background; above all they would have a small wage – a symbol of hope and dignity. At 15 they could move from the cadet group into full employment at their chosen jobs. They could enter a sure place in society and build respectable, clean and useful lives. A dream? Perhaps – but only by some such scheme, combining a non-erudite curriculum with social responsibility and government action, can we end the danger of the barbarians we have created within our society. Let's get something done – now!

CARL CAPLAN

871 Mosspark Drive
Glasgow SW2

SIR, – I am glad to note that Critic has been discovering some of the educational facts of life. I think, however, that he is too optimistic about the potentialities of technical instruction, and too pessimistic on the other hand about the likely effects of really good staffing and building provision.

My own school, with good technical facilities, lays on, for about 75 per cent of our boys, courses which most of them find worth-while and are willing to pursue for five years or more. This majority includes the academic, technical and retarded groups. The other 25 per cent present considerable difficulties. These are boys of rather low intelligence and little practical ability, who have no intention of taking up skilled manual work. It is clear that unconventional courses and teaching methods are needed to retain their interest, but these cannot be carried out in the orthodox classrooms which have been provided for these classes even in up-to-date schools. Their curriculum has perforce become a somewhat diluted academic one, and it is not surprising that they produce an unduly large proportion of trouble-makers. Granted facilities and staffing for these boys, and some provision for dealing with the really intractable hard core of delinquents and near-delinquents, it might be safe to raise the leaving age. But can anybody believe that the necessary staff and buildings will be forthcoming within ten years – with the Ministry busily engaged in slashing the estimates even of Conservative authorities like Surrey?

And, in any case, the extra money and effort would be far better expended on getting the classes in the *Primary* schools down to 30 or below. The democratisation of English society is impossible until middle-class parents can send their children there with the confident assurance that they will not be handicapped in comparison with those who go to good private schools.

JOHN D. SOLOMON

12 Park Avenue, SW14

UPLIFT FOR SALE

SIR, – Is it too late to comment on David Carmichael's article 'Uplift for Sale' in your issue of 13 February? I know nothing of the spiritualist magazines but under various names I have contributed seven articles to one or the other of the psychology magazines. It seems to me he is a little hard on them. It is not given to everyone to take a flying leap on to the back of Pegasus. Some of us climb ladders one rung at a time. It is this type of person to whom these magazines offer helpful and useful advice. I have never myself written anything I didn't believe to be either true or sound.

Dr Nicolas Malleson, in his talk, 'Avoiding Failure by University Students' (*Listener*, 5 March 1959) asks: 'What are the most effective ways of reading? . . . Is it best to make notes? If we could save students from falling into inefficient ways of study, think how many precious hours could be saved.' The most helpful articles I have come across on these points are by Marjorie Boulton in 'How to study for, and pass, your examinations' (*The Psychologist*, October 1956) and 'How to make good notes while studying' (*The Psychologist*, February 1959).

It is true that articles may sometimes strike one as hot air rather than as good sense. But the psychology magazines have no monopoly of hot air. One can get it most Sunday mornings by switching on the wireless and listening to a religious service.

Whether the use of the letters 'BA' after one's name 'furthers the illusion of authority' or not, it at least indicates an above-average intelligence and some capacity for hard work. As the possessor of a second-class (upper division) honours degree, I am entitled to use the letters and have done so on a couple of occasions. But contributors to these magazines won't make a fortune if their pay has been at the same rate as mine – mostly one guinea or one-and-a-half guineas per 1,000 words. My last payment, about a year ago, was £2 10s. for 1,200 words. One imagines this to be but a small fraction of what Mr Carmichael was paid by the NS for sneering at us. As a writer, one writes at whatever level one can gain acceptance without perjuring one's mortal (sic) soul. If book publishers and the editors of semi-highbrow weeklies and monthlies reject our offerings, we try to write at a more popular level.

I hold no brief for the advertisements. But Tom Driberg, in his article 'The Soap-Swallowers', pays no glowing tribute to ITV's advertisements, which must reach a much wider public than the psychology magazines do. And the NS is constantly dinning in our ears that advertisements are sacrosanct and that on no

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account may a journal reject advertisements of which it disapproves or on the other hand advertisers interfere with editorial policy.

I don't see why we, the semi-neurotics, shouldn't be helped to some extent by these magazines, which are the only ones to publish intelligent articles on what might be termed 'philosophy of life'. They are more worth-while than the women's magazines which specialise in gossip about all kinds of deified stars. And anyway, what's wrong with uplift? Samuel Smiles's famous *Self-Help*, when re-issued last year on the centenary of its first publication, was reviewed in the *Sunday Times* – not unfavourably – by no less a person than Cyril Connolly. If we pursue virtue and efficiency sufficiently long, there's always a sporting chance that one of these days we'll catch up with them. And if we did, would any great harm be done? What would you have us pursue? Vice?

E. G. ROWSON

7 Morningside Road
Aberdeen

THE TWO GERMANYS

SIR, – The suggestion put forward by your correspondent, Mr Leopold Kohr, that it would be best for German educators to omit the history of the Nazi regime from their curriculum cannot remain unchallenged. The blackest chapter in German history is not made any whiter by Hitler's economic achievements. German youth might well learn a valuable lesson by being taught that economic and nationalistic prestige often go hand in hand with shameful crimes. The history of the rise and fall of the Third Reich in its entirety should be a warning to all those born into an era of 'economic miracles' not to take everything at its face value but to look beneath the surface. Chronic remorse, as Aldous Huxley says, is a most undesirable sentiment, but it is not essential; neither is repentance alone enough unless every conceivable opportunity is taken to learn from one's past history and to keep a watchful eye on future developments.

ERNEST OSTWALD

Wellingborough
Northants

SENTENCED TO MARRIAGE

SIR, – Mr Justice Stable's comment to a couple who had lived together for 14 years outside matrimony – 'You have set an example of how to live in married happiness and harmony, you have nothing to be ashamed of', as he gave the man an absolute discharge on a charge of bigamy, should surely be a pointer to the Church that as they had to change their attitude on birth control so too must they change their attitude on divorce and agree to the amendment to the divorce law that if a man and woman have been legally separated for 7 years, divorce can be applied for by either party.

A great deal of injustice is at present being perpetrated by the law as it now stands. The Archbishop of Canterbury talks about upholding the sanctity of marriage by refusing to agree to such an amendment, when, in fact, all he is upholding is the action of a venomous spouse; this applies particularly to the 40-year-old group. Caught up in the holocaust of war at an immature age, many marriages were made in haste and are still being repented to this day as the 'innocent' party withholds divorce.

If a man commits murder he serves 14 years and is then free from punishment, and with the whole of the Welfare State to assist him when his sentence is over. If a man commits a mistake in his marriage the maintenance payments and bondage last a lifetime, and the emotional upset this can cause to any extra-marital union is something which should not be allowed to continue.

WINIFRED JERRAM

9 Harefield,
Hinchley Wood,
Esher, Surrey.

WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

SIR, – Mr Sandler's diatribe against those who want to see South Africa a great democratic nation and not a Fascist police state, is typical of the champions of race hatred everywhere. I do not know the historical sources from which he obtains his information about the conduct of the indigenous Africans before the white man came to South Africa and after. Having done some research into South African history myself, I must correct him, however, on one point. The early white settlers refrained from exterminating the Africans, not because they were God-fearing but because they wanted them as cheap labour, and because the Africans were too numerous.

A reading of the Union's Statute Books will dispel all Mr Sandler's nonsense about apartheid:
(1) In 1913, the Natives' Land Act was passed which divided the whole of South Africa into two areas, black and white. The Africans, who constitute 70 per cent of the population, were allocated less than 8 per cent of the land and the rest was proclaimed white.
(2) Over 400,000 Africans are employed in the mining industry in South Africa under semi-slave conditions. Their wages are about £4 per month, less than 5 per cent of those paid to Europeans. In 1912, the Works and Mines Act was passed which prohibits Africans from being employed on skilled work.
(3) In 1956 a new Industrial Conciliation Act was passed which gives the Minister of Labour power to exclude any group of workers from any industry, trade or occupation, and thus deprive them of their livelihood. The Act also prohibits white and non-white workers from belonging to the same trade union, even where the workers concerned find it in their interests to be united.
(4) Under the various Urban Areas Acts, Africans are prohibited from living in towns, or building their own homes there even if they have the necessary funds.
(5) The Group Areas' Acts gives the Minister for the interior power to uproot entire racial communities and banish them to any part of the country he chooses.
(6) The self-appointed champions of 'white', 'Christian', 'western' civilisation excuse their oppression of the Africans on the ground that the latter are uneducated. Why then are non-Whites excluded from the Universities?

What of the countless other laws designed to oppress, degrade and humiliate 10 million people because of the colour of their skins? Mr. Sandler talks about culture. Can he point to a single white man, who shares his views, who equals the 'savages' like Peter Abrahams and Ezekiel Mphahlele? Yes, the manual labour of the Africans produces most of the wealth of the country, and if they were not prohibited by law and custom they would also do the skilled work. The Africans are a peaceful people – I have lived among them for over 40 years – and all that they ask is for the right to live as free citizens in the land of their birth. As for building their own states, they would probably be glad to do so if the land and wealth of which they had been deprived were restored to them. The minds of the white racialists are so warped that they do not even realize the need for their own survival. Everyone with a grain of intelligence knows that unless the whites in Southern Africa abandon their policy of *Baaskap* they will in the not distant future be crushed by the rising African giant. Mr Sandler and his friends are not only the enemies of the Africans; they are the gravediggers of the whites.

E. L. SACHS

73 Greencroft Gardens, NW6

SOUTH AFRICAN BOYCOTT

SIR, – The Boycott of South African goods is now receiving national support; it has mushroomed overnight into a major campaign. The undersigned, as sponsors of the Boycott Movement, urge and request its many well-wishers, groups and individuals, to send donations to help meet the cost of the intensified campaign next month against Apartheid and racial discrimination.

This appeal is urgent. The peoples of South Africa have now almost no forms of peaceful protest left to them. They have asked for our help: we must now respond.

Donations should be addressed to the treasurer, Boycott Movement, 293 New Kings Road, London, SW6.

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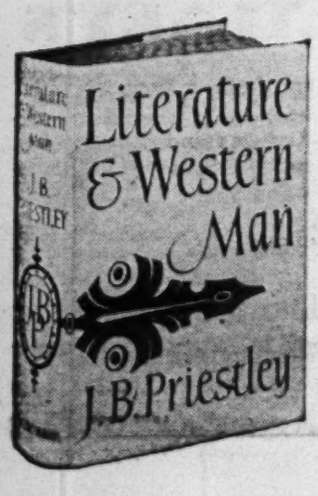

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MARTIAL ST PAUL'S

SIR, – On wet days museums and galleries fill up with folk who have half an hour to spare, and it is not surprising that Critic should mention in his column that he spent a while in St Paul's when at a loose end in the City. Nor is it surprising that he should have been so moved by the plaster figure of the Majestas as to plead for its retention in the Cathedral.

St Paul's, as a building, furnished as it is, stands for all that is bad in the Church of England. It stands as a memorial to the domination we have exercised throughout the world, and as a shrine dedicated to our national pride. It is cluttered up with the *bric-à-brac* of a vulgar past, and disfigured with masses of Wellingtonian marble and bronze.

Jacob Epstein's Majestas is a magnificent religious image of the Risen Christ, and in every sense of the word it is holy, even as his Madonna and Child in Cavendish Square is holy: and in Llandaff Cathedral, in the setting for which it was commissioned, it is able to perform its function. In St Paul's, thrust to one side against a builder's screen, so much is lost that a right and proper setting should be found for it to enable Londoners to experience its true value. Perhaps some new church could provide this; but if it must be St Paul's, then let the breakers and demolition squads move in and make a holy setting for a holy thing.

C. M. ARMAN

Woodford Green

STRIP CARTOON ART

SIR, – I cannot ignore Mr Malcolm Muggeridge's damaging comment on my integrity as an artist in his article in 'The Art of Comic strips'. He writes, 'Peter Peri bears strong and rewarding traces of Topolski'.

The cartoon of mine which you published, and my other cartoon strips, submitted to your competition, were derived from my set of drawings on 'London Life', carried out in 1933. Mr Topolski – to my knowledge – was not even in this country at that time. These drawings were exhibited for the first time in 1936, but already in 1934, they had been submitted to a score of publishers, daily and weekly papers, among them – of course – *Punch*, and the *New Statesman and Nation*.

Your answer then was: 'Although in the past we have published drawings from David Low, it is not the policy of this paper to use any drawings in the future'

PETER PERI

2 Carnston Studios,
28 Carnston Street NW1

SIR, – I agree with Malcolm Muggeridge that Droc's cartoon, reproduced last week, shows a strong Feiffer influence; but, unlike Feiffer, Droc has a point to make: the strip seems to 'click' at the end with the tree by itself – and it is this which makes the whole thing to me extremely funny. Incidentally, I think Droc's work is very well drawn

R. D. HATTON

166 Camberwell Grove, SW5

PARTISAN CAFE

SIR, – As you know, the above is the only Socialist Coffee House and restaurant in London, and is intimately connected with the 'New Left' which you have done so much to help. We are anxious now to show the very best Socialist political posters, of all ages and all countries, and should be grateful if your readers could tell us if they know of anywhere we could find old or new examples; there must be *caches* of them in cellars and attics all over London.

NICHOLAS FAITH

The Partisan
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you have the opportunity of obtaining a grant from the F. C. C. Watts Memorial Fund administered by the Rationalist Press Association enabling you to attend, free of cost, the 4-day Annual Conference on "Humanist and Christian Morality" at St Hilda's College, Oxford, from Friday, July 22, to Tuesday, July 26. The grant will cover board, residence, admission to lectures, and any necessary travelling expenses up to £5. **All you have to do** is to write an essay of 1,500 to 2,000 words on **THE FUTURE OF THE WHITE PEOPLE IN AFRICA** and submit it by May 31. Full particulars from Essays Officer, R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, London, W.C.2.

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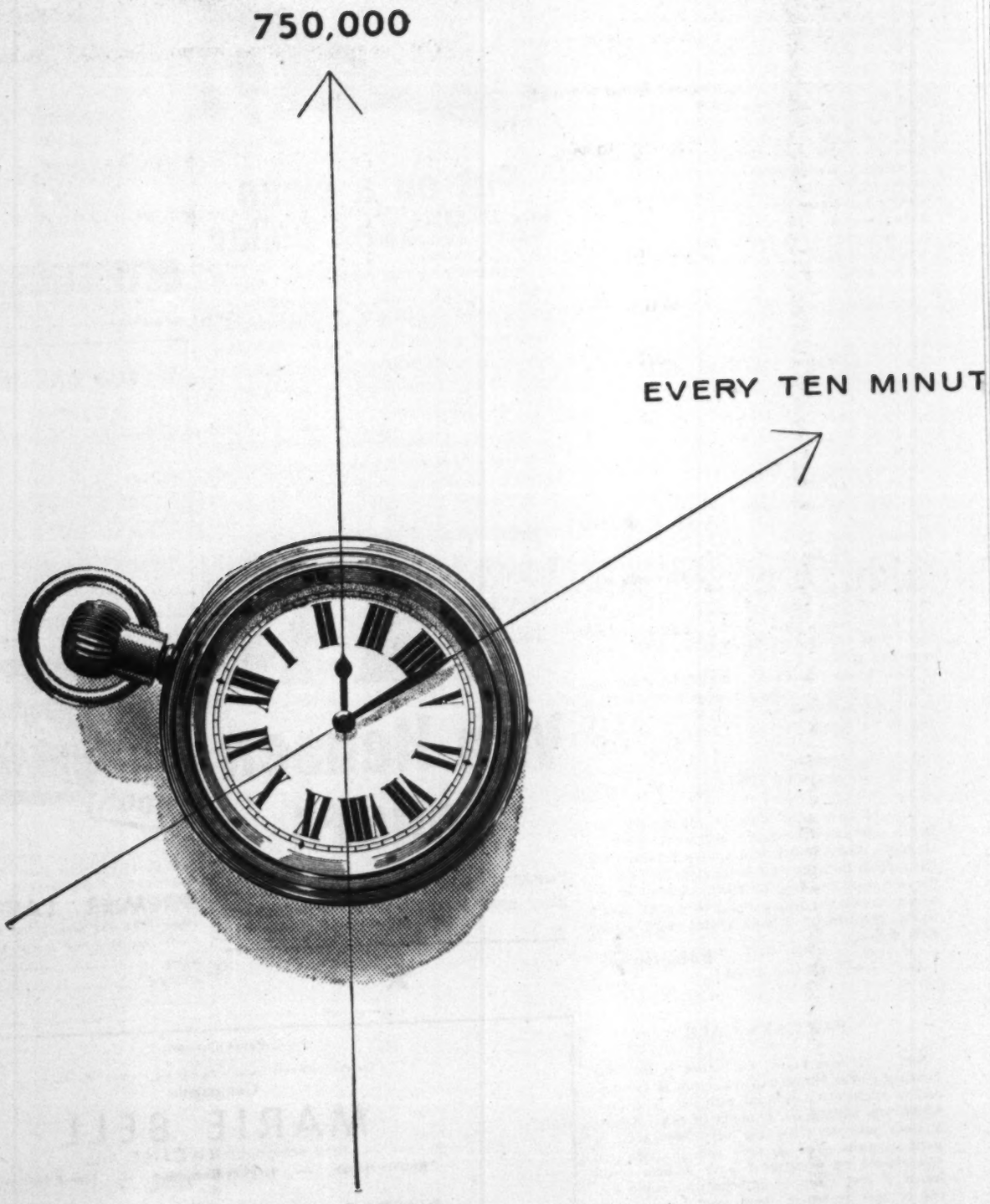
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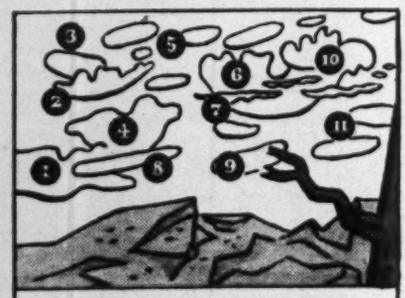

The commoner types are easily distinguishable as (1) The Semi-spatulate, (2) The Hobno-cirrhosus, (3) The Flatto-tyro, (4, 6) Two straight Nimbuses, (5) The Triple Cumulator, (7) Something else, (8, 9) The Shepherd's Warning, (10) The Long Day Closes, (11) The Fuzzy Blob.

NO. 1 CLOUDS. A false impression has grown up that there is something unnatural about Schweppshire. But the fact is that Nature in Schweppshire is a top must, is actively encouraged in various Groups, in numerous Societies, and at least one registered Union.

For example, ever since the creation of Federated Out-of-doors, no Schweppsman ever dreams of simply going for walks; indeed most people now rather dislike them. On the other hand even a stroll by fading evening light, when the colours are too faint to find a place on our numbered colour chart for tint spotting, can be made quite gay and perfectly worth-while provided there is an expert to point out, for instance, that clouds are not only vaporized coefficients of ratio-humidity, but are just as much things on a list as everything else, if not more so. We want you to use your eyes for yourselves: our job is simply to tell you what to look at.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Dost know this Water-fly?

Is dandyism dead? Do we see the dandy no more? A learned lady from Vassar and Radcliffe tells us that Max Beerbohm was the last*. In old age, at Rapallo, he lamented the passing of 'a leisurely personage attired with great elaboration, on his way to one of his many clubs; not necessarily interesting in himself; but fraught with character and point; very satisfactory to those for whom the visible world exists'. The dandy had been extinguished, he said, by 'compulsory education, central heating, quick lunches, democracy, standardisation and advertising'. If one had had any doubt about Max Beerbohm's dandyism the austere despair of those two words 'central heating' would abolish it. But I am far from sure that Mrs Moers is right. Certainly dandyism has been 'out' for a long time; but the Edwardian revival, the 'low' elegance of the Teddy Boys, on the one hand, and, on the other, the extreme time-and-self-absorbing concern of the Beats to be dirty, hairy and voluptuously badly dressed, strike one as being aspects of dandyism true or inverted. And since we have now entered a period in which there are going to be many more males than females, I would have thought that the male bird would start looking to his feathers again and that the bantam cock and the peacock will be emblems of consolation. For the dandy, the thing of pure male beauty, does not compete with any great fury for the opposite sex; he has found a way of withdrawing into the felicity of a total self-regard. Metaphysically speaking, he *is* the opposite sex. He is married to his mirror.

Another argument for expecting a revival of the dandy is that dandyism began, as Mrs Moers says at the beginning of her book, as a protest; it was the protest of a personal style in a revolutionary period of unstable social values. Beau Brummel was not an aristocrat; he exaggerated the humbleness of his birth the more sternly and insolently to impose his glacial rule. Nor was he ostentatious or vulgar. He stood quite alone and was simply determined to be undefeatable by royalty, aristocracy or anyone else, and on their own ground. It was the coldest of victories, the act of an artist in pride working in the common wastes of human triviality. Brummel perfected a sensible and unnoticeable way of dressing well and confirmed the traditional notion that a gentleman's first duty is to be inconspicuous. He also introduced a new one: that he should be clean. We are not far on in Mrs Moers's book before we are distinguishing between foppery – as old as the fig-leaf – and dandyism as a special preoccupation in France and England during the nineteenth century. The dandy is an ambiguous brilliance emerging from the political shadows. In the Regency,

> What the utilitarian middle class most hated in the nobility was what the court most worshipped in the dandy – a creature perfect in externals and careless of anything below the surface, a man dedicated solely to his own perfection through a ritual of taste . .

He was 'a supernumary human being', created by those who stayed at home during the Napoleonic wars'. After Bulwer-Lytton portrayed him in *Pelham*, Carlyle fell upon him in *Sartor Resartus;* and the importance of the image to the hostile Victorian mind is obvious in the force of that splendid, rancorous and raking comic masterpiece. Even here, Carlyle's contempt for the dandy as a mere clothes-wearing man, has to be put beside his admiration for Count D'Orsay, who captivated everyone and who was hardly anything else. Dickens is also divided. Dickens was one of the few Victorians who admired Bulwer-Lytton's personal dandyism. By D'Orsay he was captivated. In his *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist* period, Dickens had dressed with the gaudy, stagey foppishness of the contemporary Teddy Boys, then known as 'Gents'. The vividness of his personality, and especially the fine head and excited eyes, so dazzled most people that it was only on reflection that it occurred to them he still had awful touches of the 'Gent' about his clothes and never quite lost the cockney in his elegance. But there is nothing single in Dickens or his work – unless it is complete egoism – and if part of him was dandy, another part saw the connection between dandyism and decadence and portrayed it in the 'grey characters' of his novels.

Mrs Moers inspects the preoccupation in Thackeray who excelled in describing the military dandy. The soldier's dandyism was permitted in a utilitarian age, even when the Victorians became black-coated – admiration for dragoons seems to have been a lay form of the taste for stained-glass windows – and Thackeray's military dandies were acceptable perhaps because the pursuit of beauty in the medium of corsets, buttons and starch has an element of martial exacerbation. To be beautiful one must suffer and nothing stiffens the sinews and summons up the blood so much as tight-lacing. But Mrs Moers goes further. Thackeray was deeply concerned to distinguish the gentleman (with a certain Evangelical aura) from 'the genlmn' – Mr Yellowplush who merged into his master – and she thinks that Thackeray may have decided upon a 'novel without a hero' because he was unable to imagine heroism without dandyism or a truly heroic dandy. His mind returned to the eighteenth century because his family was one that had seen better days.

But by the beginning of the late Victorian age, worth, middle-class earnestness and the gospel of work and profit finally crushed the ideal of dandyism. The dandies did not worship money; they lost it; they spent it. Worse still, it was not theirs. They did not work; in a small sublimity, they simply existed. This was too much for the middle classes and these now proliferated. In that violent, gloomy, energetic time there can have been nothing less alluring than mere existence. So, when dandyism revived as a form of anti-bourgeois contempt in the Nineties, its English tradition was broken; the dandy had to be brought from France and appeared in the enfeebled form of aestheticism. One saw the final glitter of the male water-fly. Scandal or no scandal, sexless Narcissus, homosexual youth or the rich, decorative vanities of middle age, were confronted by a fatal enemy: the New Woman. Her novelty was annihilating and dandyism collapsed. In one aspect she was a version of the same thing: a sexless or, at any rate, androgynous public appearance.

In England dandyism was a matter of temperament, a mode of personality and action, whether it was cold or romantic; it was a manifestation of our remarkable and so often ruinous and disappointing gift for sacrificing everything to the sociable man. French dandyism was very different. In France the *anglomanie* that followed the Napoleonic wars was at first a folly. English boredom, impassivity, insolence and horses were, before all else, a fashion and one which was the more readily seized upon because since the Revolution, as Mrs Moers says, the French had become accustomed to expressing political opinions in clothes and pose. In the 1820's dandyism and romanticism were confused; this week one was a dandy in the English style; next week one dressed *à la Valtre-Scott*.

After the Revolution of 1830 dandyism got a subtler and harder grip on society: social values were in confusion. In a world where the new rich, the aristocracy and the middle classes competed, dandyism provided a protective mask behind which the aristocracy or the bourgeois could play their steely game. Alfred de Vigny has a most interesting page on this in the *Servitude et grandeur militaires*. The difference between French and English dandyism was that the French first learned of it from us in our Regency novels and that it became literary and conceptualised at once. For this reason it was a more interesting force in literature and the arts, and a far more conscious and effective anti-bourgeois movement than our own. It was melodramatically on the side of the criminal and oppressed in Eugène Sue; in Barbey d'Aurevilly it represents the protest of the artist against a money-making society:

> Finally the dandy's sexual ambivalence is not a weakness but a strength. In the dandy's mysterious blend of feminine elegance with masculine power Barbey sees the archetypal decadence . . . The dandies . . . are the androgynes of history . . . how far from the Regency's position, how far from George Bryan Brummel is Barbey's definition of the Dandy as a holy man: *'un homme qui porte en lui quelque chose de supérieur au monde visible.'*

* *The Dandy*. By ELLEN MOERS. *Secker & Warburg*. 36*s*.

No holy men have ever sat in the window at White's.

So also for Baudelaire. For the dandy's rituals before the mirror, his addiction to 'the rigours' of sport are a *'gymnastique propre à fortifier la volonté et à discipliner l'âme'*. He is not a Bohemian with the need to be original but – an important distinction – with his cult of self, has 'the need to make of oneself something original', oneself a work of art. Mrs Moers writes:

> Precisely because the dandy was, for Baudelaire, a figure apart from life, irresponsible, idle, absorbed with self, he could serve as a moral consciousness for the contemporary world.

But that world was corrupt, the tide of wretchedness and vulgarity was rising. He was the sunset figure, the representative of scornful, silent, unsuccessful rebellion.

There have been, as I have said, some signs of a revival of dandyism during the last decade. The words of Baudelaire stir a fire that is not quite out. Perhaps in any society it never really dies. But in proclaiming their superiority to society, the dandies of the nineteenth century had first to belong to it; whereas, where there are signs of dandyism today, it is among people who profess to be passively opting out, who certainly do not cultivate spleen or despair, but rather a soft and garrulous triviality. The inverted dandyism of softness pervades the communings of the Beat. The protest or rebellion is now a mumbling and bumbling offstage, not a cold and disaffected stance at the centre. But concern with the discipline of trifles is a fundamental aspect of dandyism. Our own dandyism comes from below; it resembles, for example, the dandyism of the *majo* or *maja* of Goya's Spain and, like that, has something of strong local protest in it. By nineteenth-century definition this is not true dandyism; but it does fulfil some of the functions the critics and apologists have set out. It is an irony that the 'rising flood' of vulgar democracy which the great dandies deplored, should have produced the only present hints we have of what they admired. Mrs Moers has written a very intelligent book which is less satisfactory about the Nineties than it might have been, is strongest about the mid-Victorians, and is always full of interesting ideas well expressed.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Dr Pevsner has now reached *Leicestershire and Rutland* in his Penguin tour of the Buildings of England (10s 6d). Walter Hamilton has made a new translation of Plato's *Gorgias* for the Penguin Classics (3s 6d). There are two new Pelicans – Dr J. W. C. Wand's *The Church Today* and Dr Dudley Stamp's *Applied Geography* (3s 6d each) – and one reprint, James Dugan's *Man Explores the Sea*, first published in 1956 (6s). *The Chess Mind* by Gerald Abrahams, published in 1951, is now a Penguin Handbook (5s).

Two historical books in the World's Classics are about to be re-issued in a second edition: H. W. C. Davis's *Medieval Europe*, with an epilogue by Ralph Davis, and Sir James Butler's *History of England, 1815-1939*, with a new chapter on the twenty years before the second war (8s 6d each).

Resign! Resign!

Up hill, down dale . . .
So ran the tale.

We have them in our bones:
Ten thousand miles of stones,
Moraine, débris and scree;
As many, could-be twice,
Over the fissured ice,
The clinging, slippery snows
That of our feet dispose;
As many again, or more,
Beside the torrent's roar,
Within the scented gloom
Or through the sorrowing cwm.

Or by the scythe-worn dell,
And cow-placated swell
Up the redeeming grass
Lifting toward the pass.

Along the ridge itself,
The ridge that earns its pride,
Riven from either side:
Lord of the rift or shelf
Whence the awaiting cliffs
Hang out their 'buts' and 'ifs'
To magnetize the eye
From sweeping round the suspect sky,
That could so soon prevent
Our inexplicable intent.

Or where the driven snow
Invites our steps to show
No fluted, rearing, wall,
No plum'd crest too tall
For our impertinence.

What did we gather thence?
The bootprint in the dust,
The upward roll and thrust,
The limber footfall plunging down,
The axe-head friendly in the palm
Or snug between the sack and arm.
Clutches of delicate fears,
Qualms as the néant nears:
Relieved – our summit joys;
Relived – what toys!

All that – Goodbye!
And this has told you why:
Not of all that bereft,
But we, ourselves, have left . . .
Leave that behind.
And not as Fall . . .
Even resigned.

I. A. RICHARDS

Calcutta's Sun

Like trying to sleep
With lights on all round you.
Infiltration through fingers,
Crooked elbow betrays you,
Sheets diffuse the whole failure,
Pillow will smother you.

Bright star, all too steadfast,
That lights worlds of wretchedness
In black holes and corners.
Trunk without limbs, bones without flesh,
Flesh without skin, limbs without trunk.

Like trying to sleep
With lights on all round you,
The switches all hidden.
Reach out, read a book, then –
Keats, Tennyson, Heber –
That the hours may not maul you,
That no one may call you
Politician: materialist: sentimentalist: realist:
Plain holier-than-all-you.

With lights on all round you,
There's nothing like reading
To send you to sleep:
Assured that the soul is
The place the real pain is
And we (even the plumpest)
Must all bear our soul.

D. J. ENRIGHT

Against Plato's Theory of Forms

The thing that made the concept *mountain* force
its abstract life into my consciousness
was seeing here its calm, reflected face.

I never knew what Moel y Garn looked like,
its texture, bulk, extension, mountain-ness,
until I saw it imaged in the lake.

The image, then, gave data to the sense
and to the reason, though at third remove
from Plato's Form; and I have wondered since

whether the real is caught by those who souse
themselves in concepts, but may rather prove
to have in images its very source.

RAYMOND GARLICK

On Looking at Stubbs's 'Anatomy of the Horse'

In Lincolnshire, a village full of tongues
Not tired by a year's wagging, and a man
Shut in a room where a wrecked carcass hangs,
His calm knife peeling putrid flesh from bone,
He whistles softly, as an ostler would;
The dead horse moves, as if it understood.

That night a yokel holds the taproom still
With tales new-hatched; he's peeped, and seen a mare
Stand there alive with naked rib and skull –
The creature neighed, and stamped upon the floor;
The warlock asked her questions, and she spoke;
He wrote her answers down in a huge book . . .

Two centuries gone, I have the folio here,
And turn the pages, find them pitiless.
These charts of sinew, vein and bone require
A glance more expert, more detached than this –
Fingering the margins, I think of the old
Sway-backed and broken nags the pictures killed.

Yet, standing in that room, I watch the knife;
Light dances on it as it maps a joint
Or scribes a muscle; I am blank and stiff,
The blade cuts so directly to my want;
I gape for anecdote, absurd detail,
Like any yokel with his pint of ale.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

People who make their mark . . .

are known and respected as much for their preferences as for their talents. There are *so many* good cigarettes, adequate for pleasurable smoking . . . lesser mortals can well be expected to chop and change! But at certain distinguished levels the outstanding preference remains . . . for that cool-smoking *Virginia* cigarette in the elegant red box.

du MAURIER

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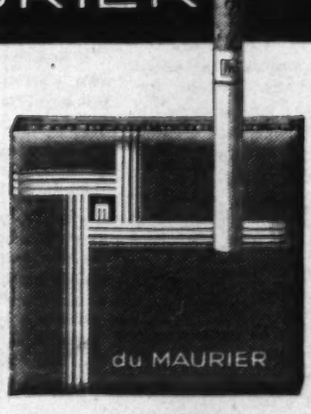

Does your wife see red?

Every Ego or Id must influence, to a greater or lesser degree, the behaviour pattern of mankind. So *your* book-habits, which you no doubt fondly believe are your own business, are not a purely domestic matter. If you throw your books around like confetti at a wedding, or if your wife has frequent crying fits after dusting your collected works, it's time you faced the truth—that your book-habits may well start a revolution and bring 1984 and Newspeak closer than is comfortable.

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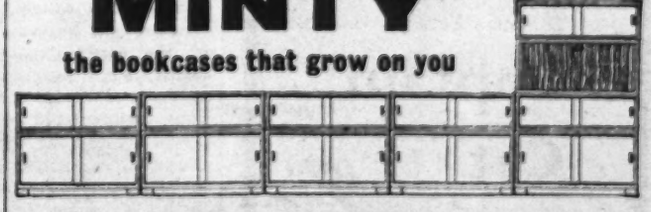

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Urbs in Rure

Restraining Urban Growth. By J. B. CULLINGWORTH. *Fabian Society.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Major Land Uses of Great Britain. By ROBIN H. BEST. *Wye College.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Agriculture and Urban Growth. By G. P. WIBBERLEY. *Joseph.* 21*s.*

Britain's National Parks. Ed. HAROLD M. ABRAHAMS. *Country Life.* 25*s.*

The land-surface of Britain is limited. But the demands made on it are indefinite and increasing. Every year more people want more land for more purposes. Hence this basic problem of urban expansion. Mr Cullingworth, who lectures in Social Administration at Manchester University, prefers more new towns to bigger old towns. In particular, he argues that London, Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool need a total of at least nine new towns immediately if green belts are to be preserved and further urban sprawl prevented. He gives no detailed advice on the siting of these new communities, but his eye falls on the farmlands of East Anglia The point is significant In this country there is little room for building except on farmland.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the next two books are by agricultural economists. Mr Best and Dr Wibberley are both members of a research-group at Wye College, and they write as they work, as a team. The former has written the equivalent of a Blue Book, the latter the equivalent of a tract for the times. The combination is effective; and it owes much to the lucidity and precision of both writers' prose and presentation. Economists are not famed for faith or hope. But neither of these lacks the gift of clarity. Mr Best sets the factual scene with terse efficiency. He analyses with appropriate criticisms our sources of information, describes the changing pattern of land-use, and assesses present trends and future possibilities. In 1950, he tells us, four acres out of five were farmland. But in the fifty years before some seven per cent of agricultural land was converted to other uses and at least as much again is likely to follow it in the next fifty In little over one lifetime, agriculture will have lost about one-sixth of its total territory. It is this steady destruction of the fundamental raw material of a major industry that gives Dr Wibberley's book its urgency. Land-use is changing; do we really know what is happening? Not very well, for our statistical sources are fragmented and inadequate. Land is precious; are we allocating it to the best advantage? Probably not, as the criteria by which we select farmland required for other purposes are crude and incomplete and, in consecrated phrase, elastic yardsticks favour the side of the fence with the loudest voice. So Dr Wibberley suggests the centralisation of records and the development of more rational and informed standards by which to decide between the claims of the farmer and the competitors for his land. He also analyses the various ways in which we could replace the food from the lost agricultural acres, concluding that, on balance, certain types of expenditure on home farming would be the best investment. But the primary importance of this book does not lie in its particular recommendations. It lies in its statement of the problem and its review of the factual prerequisites, the procedures and the disciplines necessary to reduce it to order. *Agriculture and Urban Growth* has the supreme merit of asking the right questions in the right order.

Like his colleague, Dr Wibberley specifically excludes from his terms of reference those non-economic values which the planner neatly classifies as 'amenity'. But, of course, the countryside provides the city-dweller with many things besides food, and a shrinking, constricted, suburbanised countryside may cause deficiencies more subtle, more dangerous, and more difficult to remedy than reduced agricultural production. *Britain's National Parks*, part guide-book, part official history, part subdued manifesto, describes the first ten years work of the commission responsible for safeguarding chosen landscape areas from 'development'. It is a story of vigilance, struggle, local victories, local defeats and increasing danger, for the powers sufficient to guide or restrain the private developer are less effective against the statutory corporations with whom so much of the economic future now lies. The debate continues.

Despite some agreeable touches, this is an uninspired book, a committee-compilation as informative and reliable as the departmental report it strives not to be, but little more stimulating As readers we may regret this. As citizens we should welcome it. Committees may not be the best way of producing stirring literature. But they are the best way of defending the kind of landscape we want to leave to our children.

NIGEL HARVEY

To Tweak the Whiskers of the Great

English Political Caricature. By M. DOROTHY GEORGE. *Oxford.* 2 vols. 70*s.* each.

'Get out! Caricature is an invention of Bolshevism!' the famous German actress Adele Sandrock screeched at me when I had asked her to sit for me many years ago. This was the first time (but not the last) that I was thrown out of the dressing-room of an actress, but it was not the first or last time – that Communism was accused of having invented something which it had not

If the 'Grotesque in Art' is not the invention of the Devil its honourable or dishonourable lineage goes almost as far back as art itself. It can be claimed that the first 'caricatures' – the first signs of an ability to laugh at the weaknesses of one's enemy – are to be found in the paintings on the bare rocks. In his early drawings (and sculptures) the caveman used caricatures' for many purposes: as a weapon, as magic and as a device to placate the angry gods.

In the comic art of early times it was always the poor, the wretched or the despised who was the 'funny type'. and it took a long time before pictorial humour dared to touch the mighty, those who had power.

It was the Italian painter Annibale Carracci who started and named the art of 'portrait caricature' about 1600. This master in a conventional style – head of an academy – is quoted as having defended his new art form with these words:

> Is not the caricaturist's task exactly the same as the classical artist's? Both see the lasting truth beneath the surface of mere outward appearance Both try to help Nature accomplish its plan. The one may strive to visualise the perfect form and to realise it in his work. the other to grasp the perfect deformity. and thus reveal the very essence of a personality. A good caricature, like every work of art is more true to life than reality itself.

And Henri Bergson later explained the comic element in caricature thus:

> However regular we may imagine a face to be, however harmonious its lines and supple its movements, their adjustment is never altogether perfect: there will always be discoverable the signs of some impending bias, the vague suggestion of a possible grimace, in short some favourite distortion towards which nature seems particularly inclined. The art of the caricaturist consists in detecting this, at times imperceptible, tendency, and in rendering it visible to all eyes by magnifying it.

It is a short step from making fun of a face to ridiculing an idea which may be in the head *behind* the face. So, political and social cartooning was born.

In these two very welcome, carefully documented and superbly illustrated volumes, Miss George traces the development of English political caricature from its birth to its Golden Age. Here is William Hogarth, the father of it all, followed by such masters as Gillray, Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Townshend, Heath, Doyle and all the others. Here are the breeches-bursting, beef-eating John Bulls (how fascinating, by the way, to follow the evolution of John Bull, from the original aggressive pugnacious and repulsive figure, to the rather smug, complacent fat middle-class symbol draped in the Union Jack, finally to the present-day figure of mild benevolent fun), the savage onslaughts on Napoleon, the cartoon enemy No. 1, the pillorying of Pitt, Fox and George IV. Through these drawings, prints and engravings we get a graphic record of the history of those turbulent times of war and peace and revolution to the year 1832. Miss George describes in these fascinating books how satirical prints (sometimes published by the artists themselves, sometimes commissioned by those in authority) became powerful social and political weapons, which were unmercifully wielded with tremendous effect and not only a savagery and brutality, but a coarseness and vulgarity that would hardly be possible today.

Once cartoons began to appear in periodicals and later in the daily papers, the style, approach and technique changed. The pen of the cartoonist became a rapier rather than a sledgehammer. Yet, I believe the tradition still continues. In her introduction Miss George rightly says that 'one can scarcely think of Bismarck's dismissal without remembering Tenniel's "Dropping the Pilot".' I can never think of 'Versailles' without seeing Will Dyson's brilliantly prophetic cartoon after the first war showing the Big Four leaving the Peace Conference and a weeping child, labelled 'the 1940 Class', standing at one pillar; or who can think of the Thirties without remembering David Low's 'Hit and Muss on their Axis' and his Colonel Blimp? The brilliantly observed and witty drawings by Pont, and the devastating social satire of Osbert Lancaster are, I believe, in direct line with the long and splendid tradition of English caricature 'nourished and fattened,' to quote Malcolm Muggeridge, 'by the freedom of the Press'. And this makes one hope that Miss George will continue her penetrating study of opinion and propaganda to the present day.

The graphic satirist may think of himself as an educator, savant, seer or historian of his time. Perhaps he *is* just a bit of each. I believe his function is to wield the most deadly of all weapons, *ridicule*, to attack injustice, ignorance, intolerance, racial persecution, greed and hypocrisy wherever it may be. He must have passion and compassion. He is the figure in cap and bells who must everlastingly tweak the whiskers of the great. And just as no clown can do his job when he is in chains, he must be beholden to no one. His one pursuing fear must be the haunting doubt whether tomorrow will bring its life-saving idea. And I am ready to testify that *that* is fear enough.

VICKY

Gods That Eat Corn

African Nationalism. By NDABANINGI SITHOLE. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is no substitute for Thomas Hodgkin's analysis of *Nationalism in Colonial Africa* – it deals in generalities and frequently in truisms – but it is written by an African and it states very clearly what African nationalism means. It is a revolt against the fact that –

> the average white man in Africa equates his existence with white domination . . . European existence has been inextricably interwoven with white domination so that the average white man cannot see how he can live in Africa without it –

by any standards, a neat summary of the psychology of the Group-Captain Briggses of Africa. It is a demand for recognition by Europeans of Africans as equals and as *Africans* – not as black Englishmen or Belgians or Portuguese as the various colonial 'assimilation' doctrines would have it.

Among Mr Sithole's people, the Matabele of Southern Rhodesia, white men were once known as 'the gods that eat corn' (as opposed to real gods, who ate nothing). The distinction seemed at first a slight one; but from this tiny 'crack' Mr Sithole traces the widening

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fissure and final destruction of the myth that Europeans were gods to be admired, feared and obeyed, and the resulting passion for independence from European control which grips Africa now. There are elements of a new sort of myth – though some truth too – in Mr Sithole's portrait of democracy and liberty as the key features of pre-colonial African society; it would take a less naive account to convince most people that Chaka was what we should describe as a constitutional monarch, for example. But Mr Sithole is at his best when puncturing European illusions about Africans and ourselves, and anyone who wants to see us as Africans see us could hardly do better than read his chapters on 'European Misconceptions' and 'The Majority Mind of Europeans'.

Mr Sithole is a Methodist preacher and there is a little of the sermon in his slightly pedagogic style; but there are also some of those sudden leaps of direct phrase, compounds of simplicity and irony, that give African writing its characteristic vitality:

> . . . after the war millions of people were liberated from the clutches of colonial powers. This is to say, millions of people overthrew, by peaceful means or by armed revolution, alien domination. The whole atmosphere became laden with the spirit of independence, and as it is in the nature of the air to circulate, it soon reached Africa . . .

Altogether, a book to read in 1960.

COLIN LEYS

India 1947-1950, edited by S. L. Poplai, comes from Oxford in two volumes at 87s 6d per set. Vol I deals with internal affairs, Vol II with external. HMSO have published the *History of the Second World War*, Vol III, *The Mediterranean and Middle East* (50s).

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Habits of Language

The Collector. By PETER REDGROVE. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Masks of Love. By VERNON SCANNELL. *Putnam.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Figs and Thistles. By SYDNEY GOODSIR SMITH. *Oliver & Boyd.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

T. S. Eliot has said that 'a poet must take as his material his own language as it is actually spoken around him.' Some of the habits of contemporary verse can be explained as attempts to compensate for the poverty of the 'actually spoken'. The fake frenzy of The Apocalypse and the specious neatness of The Movement were both recipes for the use of language – endeavours to rectify speech by the injection of benzedrine or the imposition of end-stopped lines. Another direction in English poetry achieves vitality in its language by going a step further; it uses violent themes in order to require strong language. Thom Gunn's theme is violence itself, I suppose. The strength of his language is based on argument; he writes violent poems which praise violence. Ted Hughes, who followed Gunn at Cambridge, writes with great vigour not to uphold a rationale of violence, but to describe violent subjects: a poet of the slaughterhouse.

If Gunn's obsession is limiting, Hughes's is a limit on a limitation. He cannot defend his obsession, he can only perform it. The language is sustained at the expense of the poet's range. Yet Gunn and Hughes have written much of the best English verse of the past decade, and with *The Collector*, Peter Redgrove – another Cambridge man who appears to have attended the same tough *atelier* – looks good enough to join them. Now Redgrove is much too good to be called an imitator and for all I know he wrote these poems without having read Ted Hughes, but I wish to remark the resemblance, for a poetical habit becomes particularly interesting when it distinguishes several men of talent.

Redgrove writes 'Bird', 'Dead Bird', 'The Wound', 'Flies', 'To a Murderer who Dismembers', and in other poems works his way into violent language indirectly. More important, Hughes and Redgrove share a way of making metaphor. Compare Hughes's 'Wind', which begins, 'This house has been far out at sea all night', with Redgrove's 'A Storm', which begins, 'Somebody is throttling that tree/By the way it's threshing about.' Both metaphors are good. Both are inventive and clear to the senses. Both create a comfortable distance between the reality and the emotion suggested, by the very fancifulness of the comparison. Both appeal to fantasies of terror and danger.

There are few poor poems in *The Collector*. Most of the poems are new in their plotting and fresh in metaphor and diction. The rhythms nicely reinforce the sense, and since the sense is repetitive so are the rhythms. Redgrove is particularly successful when he clots his lines with sequent stresses at moments of strain. Here is some typical Redgrove, from 'Shearing Grass':

> The long grass searches the wind.
> Her rust grit shears snap. She leaves
> A broad path behind
> Like a barber's matted floor. A squab mouse flees
> In a quiver of hair. She's
> Fatal. The fumbling beetle of its flower
> Cracks its back as the crisp stalk falls.

The problem of language is beaten (to a pulp) and the poems survive as individual victories. Of course there is little further that a poet can go, if he is restricted to a vocabulary of the intense and painful. But meantime one has some good new poems.

Most of the verse written, published, and broadcast in our years is simply pale and incompetent, with gloomy flashes of felicity. Vernon Scannell's *The Masks of Love* seems to me a typical contemporary collection. The title-poem is the best; it is a 'good idea for a poem', and most of its words are adequate in their sarcasm, but at the end it falls into a stale familiarity, and nothing happens. From the height of this near-miss, we fall all too frequently to the spectacle of clichés dancing in a ring:

> And when a true emotion strikes
> It strikes a crude, unsanctioned blow
> Which brings a harsher chill
> To hearts that know that they grow old . . .

In most of these poems, the author seems unaware that he is using metaphor; 'labour' is 'crowned with love' in a poem to which the regal metaphor is irrelevant (to say nothing of the familiarity of the phrase). Scannell's metre is sloppy; inadvertent alexandrines wander hopelessly among the pentameters. In short, Scannell lacks art. There are poem-length thoughts but no poems here. In 'Letter to a Poet', Scannell praises poetry as able to 'Convey what prose could not express/Without a loss of vividness' Now this is merest cliché, but it raises again the question of relative standards. I wonder if contemporary prose, vivid or not, allows such phrases as 'youth's ebullient song', which Scannell uses? I suspect that it is easier to get away with bad writing if you call it poetry. Later in his 'Letter to a Poet', Scannell writes, 'Thus with the poem: it's common sense'. Alas, one needs a bit more than this solid, British, middle-class virtue: '*. . . d'abord il faut être un poète*'

The problem of the use of a vital speech, as material for poems, may never have occurred to Vernon Scannell, but it is certainly a preoccupation of Sydney Goodsir Smith. A poet's conscious experiments with language are bedevilled by the fact that language is not only the material of his art, it is also the means of examining his art; and language is the tool of our self-deception. For a poet, the language which is most treacherous is that which is furthest from common speech. I believe that E. E. Cummings has used an eccentric typography in the unconscious attempt to turn banal words into fresh ones; to make a sow's ear into a silk purse by anagrams.

Contemporary poets who write in Scots subject themselves to unusual possibilities of self-deception. It is true that Hugh MacDiarmid has written in Scots a few of the finest lyrics of this century. William Soutar wrote a few marvellous things, and I have admired Tom Scott's translations. Of course most verse written in Scots is bad – so is most verse everywhere – and it has its own easy and colourful way of being bad. Most of Sydney Goodsir Smith's *Figs and Thistles* exemplifies this failure. It seems to try to disguise its poverty of invention, its lameness of verbal imagination, by its strangeness, its local colour. But these poems read as if they had been translated – and many lines only transliterated – from an English idiom which is mainly Victorian. 'The daithless spreit o man' is no newer and finer in 1960 than 'the deathless spirit of man'. Smith's language is often as bare of metaphor as it is clothed in commonplace classical references, and when

a metaphor occurs it is often unfulfilled. In an unheraldic poem, we read about, 'The brattle o stanes that heralds avalanche'. Smith's ear for rhythm seems to me vastly uncertain, a flaw alien to the Scots tradition. Here is a passage I find typical of most of this book:

Never say that I
In my pride
E'er meisur't luve by time
Or tide,
But took eternitie
And the wide
Frontiers o infinitie
For guide.

Yet aince I cast aa granderie
Aside,
And follie, indecision, sluggartrie
Loot ride
Rouch-shodden owre a thowless hairt . . .

Ride rough-shod over a spiritless heart, eh? This is the diction of pastiche; it changes nothing, it is bad old wine in ersatz bottles. The most readable poems here are the simplest in construction, perhaps for the reason that simplicity allows little room for self-deceit. 'Scroggam', 'Letter til the Dolphins', and 'The Year of the Crocodile' are poems which an admirer of Scots verse can enjoy and retain.

DONALD HALL

Roving Round

Offbeat in Asia. By MICHAEL ALEXANDER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

From a Persian Tea-House. By MICHAEL CARROLL. *Murray.* 21*s.*

Chinese Journey. By LESLIE HAYLEN. *Angus & Robertson.* 21*s.*

The Owl's Watchsong: A Study of Istanbul. By J. A. CUDDON. *Barrie & Rockliff* 25*s*

Land-roving is all the rage, and so are model girls. If you can put a model girl in a Land-rover and drive her off to the end of the earth you've got a smashing story. Michael Alexander and his girl kicked off at the Hilton Hotel, Istanbul, the plushest pub in Europe, where they lingered long enough for him to write eleven pages about it. With a girl like that, who wouldn't? But somehow they tore themselves away and hit the Coca-cola trail, through Turkey, Persia (between Ararat and Tabriz I came to the promising sentence 'little has been said in this narrative about our sleeping arrangements' - but the promise wasn't kept) and into Afghanistan. At Meshed the model slipped into a *chador* and sneaked off in disguise to the holiest shrine in Persia, but despite offers of sheep and cows from nomadic Afghans Mr Alexander managed to bring her back to the Hilton. On the way he took lots of photos of her, striking professional attitudes. She was a gorgeous girl.

But adventure alone isn't enough for a good travel book. Michael Carroll, too, took a Land-rover to Persia, and perhaps partly because he had no model girl with him he got much closer to the bones of the country. Also, he can write. The romance of his book is nothing to do with pretty girls, but just the traditional romance of a cultivated, perceptive young man, happy to soak himself in the life of a foreign country and evoke it with rich descriptive writing. The guile needed to outwit a Kermani carpet-dealer, or the rapture of a green-eyed dancer at a Persian wedding, or the magnificent empti-

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MACMILLAN

ness of the desert, or the smell of a dish of saffron rice served in a bazaar – Mr Carroll writes of it all with wit and love and sometimes sensuality. He returned often, not to a Hilton hotel, but to a tea-house in Isfahan where his Persian friends, Hassan the idler out of a job and Ibrahim the schoolmaster, offered him counsel for his journeys and tobacco for his hubble-bubble. *From a Persian Tea-House* is an elegant addition to the literature of Persia and its people, bazaars and deserts.

Mr Carroll wrote a good book about a journey that was never really necessary; it is an excellent thing, on the other hand, that Leslie Haylen should have made his trip to China, but I'm not at all sure that he need have bothered to write a book about it. He led a group of members of the Australian Labour Party (his 'loyal and lovable mates' to whom the book is dedicated) and though they were vouchsafed a peep into a reform-through-labour camp they never got far from the tramlines that every other visiting delegation has followed. Anybody who has made the most superficial study of modern China has already read half a dozen accounts of the Long March, the San Fan and Wu Fan movements, and Mao's early life, and every journalist to write a book on his trip to China has described a visit to a Peoples' divorce court – though I suspect Mr Haylen is the first man to describe a Chinese railway official as a 'lemon-tinted Nijinsky'. In his quotations he gets a bit mixed between Peking and Petra, but he does manage to convey the excitement, and at the same time the terrible boredom, of it all. The only thing that bored Mr Haylen, however, were the monstrosities of Peking itself – 'artistically uninteresting and architectually (*sic*) unimportant'. Does he mean the Forbidden City, and the Temple of Heaven? He suggests driving a bulldozer through them, and building in their place some decent housing settlements and cultural centres, or even a workers' village.

In a foreword that is a model for all such disclaimers J. A. Cuddon confesses that he still doesn't know very much about Istanbul. Nevertheless he has poked as deep into the city as anyone, and read more about it than most people. Charmed by such a fascinating subject, he has produced a labour of love which is sometimes just a little too laborious. Authorities, if they are to be quoted in a travel book, should be introduced with a hint of apology, not lined up like eager guests at a royal garden-party. 'When I had the chance I looked up Evliya Efendi to see what he had to say about it', and 'as Ecclesiastes puts it', and 'as Mr Wayland Young has recently pointed out'—there is a lot of this sort of thing in Mr Cuddon's book. It is a pity, because if only he had been content to distil all the literature he quotes and pass on the essence in his own original way, *The Owl's Watchsong* would not be so choked with snatches from other birds, and we should have a clearer account of what Mr Cuddon himself found in Istanbul.

NICHOLAS WOLLASTON

TWO GENTLE MEN

Marchette Chute

"Both Herbert and Herrick were Cambridge men, both become country parsons in the same year, 1630, and both produced a single book of poems. The resemblance ended there, so that it is greatly to Miss Chute's credit that she should have seen what a fascinating book could be made out of the parallel life-stories of these two great though utterly dissimilar men. This is an admirable book; often profound and never superficial, it deserves every success."

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13s. 6d. JOHN DAVENPORT—*Observer*

Secker & Warburg

Coal-black and Lily-white

The West Indian Comes to England. Edited by S. K. RUCK. *Routledge*. 25s.

As I read this narrative, which renders all human contact through the evidence of statistics –

> Of the 1957 arrivals, 5,946 came by air, representing 72 chartered flights. The estimated West Indian population in the United Kingdom at 31 December 1957 was 99,823 –

I recalled the tragedy of a Jamaican fisherman whose lavatory reading included an item of news about the rising price of fish in England. Now it is a most solemn decision for any West Indian to part with the little ship in which he has chased fish all his life; yet this man, as a sheer act of faith, sold his boat in order to purchase a seat on one of those 'chartered flights'. After three years, Birmingham remained his only city of residence, and the Caribbean his last experience of the sea.

The West Indian Comes to England is described as 'a Report prepared for the Trustees of the London Parochial Charities . . .', and it is obviously intended as a guide for all English people who suffer, enjoy, or are paid to learn, the novel circumstances which derive from the presence of West Indians in Britain. It is divided into three sections, written by West Indians, with an epilogue which rehearses the familiar problems of housing, employment and sex as they occur in Bristol, Liverpool and Nottingham. In an excellent introductory chapter, Mr Douglas Manley gives a clear and very brisk account of the West Indian background: the history and effect of West Indian migration from the first days of the Panama canal to the post-war farm labourer in the United States. Apart from the instructive little charts with comparative figures for population density in other parts of the world, Mr Manley makes two important emphases. He deplores the distance which the educated West Indian has always tried to maintain between himself and the mass of the people; and he suggests, with unnecessary caution, I think, that West Indian migration to Britain 'might not have assumed the proportions it has, if other more accessible outlets had remained open'. He is thinking of the restrictive legislation which is practised in America, and I feel he should have said so.

The migrants' arrival is then dealt with very briefly by Ivor de Souza. Since England is complete no-man's-land to the newcomer, it is Mr de Souza's job to find out where John will settle for the night or the next fortnight, and how he will pay his way, since 'some migrants had also packed all their available funds safely in the bottom of trunks which did not arrive with them.' Mr de Souza speaks with great warmth of 'the sterling work of the British Caribbean Welfare Service', and although I do not mean to discredit his claims, I think this applause should have been offered by someone who was not himself a top-ranking officer in that service. I would have liked to have an opinion from an average and honest migrant who is still allowed the dangerous freedom of loitering in Notting Hill Gate, or a straight talking from a hill-and-gully Jamaican who has been unsafely settled for years in his trade union.

There would be nothing 'different' about the West Indian migrant if the native 'hosts' didn't create special difficulties for him. Made idle in his own country, he has had no previous experience of income-tax forms; unaccustomed to the built-in and inaudible vowel-sounds of the English voice, he is left like any other man to learn his way without his neighbour's aid. Yet the Report appears to seek allowance for his 'difference', using this concession as a technique of persuading the English to see that these 'differences' do not, in fact, make the West Indian incomprehensible. Then we are offered examples which prove that the right kind of sympathy can produce astonishing results in mechanical efficiency or conjugal bliss. Does anyone ever have to beg similar favours on behalf of white South Africans, Canadians, or Australians, to name examples of other men whose work and residence are in Britain?

Sooner or later we begin to think of the West Indian migrant as an extraordinary sort of mule stumbling his way towards the approval of his English neighbour. Mr Hyndman is particularly irritating in this respect. His section deals with the West Indian in London; and it is written in a kind of half-caste English, excessively cautious, often evasive, with a tendency to stammer whenever the situation points to some racial scandal. He often uses the term non-European, as though there were some terror at work in the word 'black', which is a respectable enough description of many West Indian faces. Is he afraid to admit that no effort of attention is required of an English landlady who has already decided that such a defect of colour is precisely the foreign gentleman's deformity, traditional and unforgivable?

Such unnecessary timidity is part of a colonial psychology that has a long history. In Barbados which is, of all West Indian territories, the most feudal and the most richly endowed with cricket genius, there used to be a folk song about one Miss Miller on the eve of her daughter's wedding. After some references to roses, silver and gold, a curious description of the lady occurs: 'Now take her by her lily-white hand.' The foreign visitor will want to know how this black and peasant beauty came by a lily-white hand? But in Barbados the phrase, lily-white, has always meant, gentle; and gentle is the opposite of ruffian which is the name for blacks who won't learn to behave . . . 'speak soft an' proper an' so forth.'

Yet a turbulent nationalism has reversed the whole meaning of colour in Jamaica where a white candidate in the 1958 Federal election issued a letter to the Press under the headline, 'I cannot help my colour.' This is exactly the cry which the West Indian migrant makes to the absent heart of some landladies; and the attitude of the latter is evidence, in reverse, of the prophecy which one Jamaican is supposed to have made about the politics of his island: 'It is easier for a camel to walk through the eye of a needle than for a white man to get into the House of Representatives.'

GEORGE LAMMING

Amazing Monsters

The Vanishing Evangelist. By LATELY THOMAS. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

Jim Fisk. By W. A. SWANBERG. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

The Fabulous Showman. By IRVING WALLACE. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Showmanship is America's gift to the world, as roses and reserve are English, and *l'amour* French; everything American grows by it, from skyscrapers to elections, films to Bible-thumping. What other country could boast an Aimee Semple McPherson, a Fisk, a Barnum? Their *performance* sweeps them together; and that each should have built himor herself a Xanadu is the least they have in common.

The McPherson flying to England with her angels, and of course into the Albert Hall. I do indeed remember; but somehow I seem to have missed her great final stroke of melodrama, her vanishing trick. This she did from a beach near Los Angeles. Kidnappers! Demands for half-a-million dollars came in; after five weeks the lady herself tottered out of the Mexican desert, with a hair-raising tale; great was the rejoicing, and then bit by bit the press and the police pieced out a very different interpretation. The law probed. She fought tremendously, from her own radio station and with Sunday evening spectacles of Joan burning and Christ crucified; but still trunks and typewriters, footprints and witnesses confirmed the prosecution case – she had made off with a man. Do we grudge it her? Not in the least. If anyone merited stolen joys and martyrdom on the grand scale, she did. Front page or nothing. Mr Lately Thomas, investigating her case with scrupulous attention, goes from clue to clue, revelation to revelation, with a sleuth's eagerness. This is in fact as bizarre and thrilling a piece of detection as one could come across . Does Angelus Temple stand? Do the faithful still sing 'Over the Top with Jesus'? Are the Sunday evening spectacles and tableaux now scenes from the life of Sister Aimee?

Fisk was a business man – but what business! It was housed in an opera-house; it ran a railway, from time to time killing off passengers, and issuing new shares from an underground printing works; it ran opera; it ran a steamboat service with a canary in every cabin; it ran a militia; it pocketed judges, cornered gold, and tried hard to get round President Grant. All this was Fisk, the jolliest, wickedest, tenderest-hearted cutthroat who ever walked Wall Street. His story involves every crook millionaire and bribed judge of the Sixties; and of them all he is the only one we care to remember. That he should in the end have been shot by his Cleopatra's lover, and should have died smiling in his wife's arms, is a climax beautifully fitting. If he never paid a dividend, he achieved unforgettability.

The Fabulous Showman – though he could hardly be more fabulous than the foregoing two – is of course Barnum. In his time he showed Lincoln's 160-year-old nannie, a mermaid, Tom Thumb, the bearded lady, the Siamese twins, white whales that would insist on dying, Jenny Lind, the largest elephant in the world, and the first Big Top. He amazed the American people possibly even more than Fisk; what a time the New York papers must have had during the years when the two were rivals in notoriety! (Yet curiously, neither story mentions the other.) For Barnum fraud and practical joking were much the same thing. He had grown up in a family of elaborate practical jokers; and he discovered a vast populace that liked being taken in – for example, by the notice TO THE EGRESS, which sent everyone flocking out to the pavement. He built palaces, and suffered from fires. He impressed Thackeray. His swindles rarely exceeded boost; in fact, he got shatteringly swindled himself.

Where are the Barnums, Fisks, McPhersons of today? I don't think a Todd or a Billy Graham measures up. The mammoth is extinct.

G. W. STONIER

Roy Campbell's *Collected Poems*, Vol III, translations from French, Latin, Spanish and Portuguese poetry, with a foreword by Edith Sitwell, appears from Bodley Head (18s). Macdonald have issued *The Henry Williamson Animal Saga*, containing *Tarka the Otter*, *Salar the Salmon*, *The Epic of Brock the Badger*, and *Chakchek the Peregrine* (21s).

KEY QUESTIONS for Trade Unionists

J. Gardner *2s. 6d.*

A study of British trade unions – their policies and practices. The author recently retired from secretaryship of the Amalgamated Union of Foundry Workers.

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FRANK MORAES

"This is an important book for all people in the free world. It should be read closely by the Atlantic community. It should be translated into the languages of India and of South-East Asia and widely distributed there. Vietnam, Pakistan, India, Nepal, Burma, and all countries that border Red China should make this book required reading for officials. The Japanese should read it. The importance of this book by the well-known Indian editor, Frank Moraes, exceeds its central theme, which is the story of Chinese Communist cruelty in Tibet. For this volume shows how Red China's dreams of expansion endanger all of South and South-East Asia." *The New York Times Book Review.* Paperbound 10/6, clothbound 27/6.

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MACMILLAN · NEW YORK

Catholic Pressure-Group in Australia

Catholic Action and Politics. By TOM TRUMAN. *Georgian House, Melbourne.* 35*s.*

The ordinary member of the Labour Party in Britain has no idea of the destructive bitterness of the struggle that has raged in and around the Australian Labour Party since 1954, when, in the aftermath of the Petrov case, Dr Evatt opened the attack on the Catholic Social Movement. By comparison the Bevanite controversy was an amiable discussion among friends. Even now, six years after the split began, mention of it makes those who were involved spill out memories like old soldiers who purge themselves of the horrors of past battles by reliving them.

This is the theme of Mr Truman's book. But it is much more than an account of the attempt of Mr Santamaria and the lay Catholic 'Movement' which he led to take over the Labour Party and, failing in that, to split it beyond hope of electoral recovery. This operation is used as a case-study of Catholic intervention in politics, about which general conclusions may be drawn about the attitude and objectives of the Catholic Church in a democratic society

Mr Truman, who teaches at the University of Queensland, has shown considerable courage in writing such a book: academics and writers tread gingerly in Australia where sectarian issues are at stake, and those who try to discuss these issues in an honest fashion often find it hard to get a hearing for their arguments. One must respect both his motives as a democrat, genuinely perturbed by his study of certain Catholic doctrines and tactics and the care he has taken to make a fair case. But, together with its real merits, this book has certain weaknesses which should be noted, not least because it appears at a time when there has been a marked change in the situation which Mr Truman describes.

It is perhaps as difficult for the non-Catholic layman to come to grips with Catholic teaching as it is, say, for an American diplomat to wrestle with Marxist-Leninism. Both face systems of ideas which deal simultaneously in absolutes and tactical compromises. Mr Truman, for example, may as reasonably conclude from the published evidence that the aim of the Catholic Church is to make over Australia in its special image as the State Department can argue that the unaltering objective of Moscow is world conquest. Both may be right: but the Pope and Mr Krushchev, and Catholic bishops and Communist general secretaries, live in a real world where practice often has to fall a long way short of principle. It is because Mr Truman has made insufficient allowance for this discrepancy that the reader who turned directly from his book to the situation in Australia today would be surprised to find that Mr Santamaria's star is waning rapidly, that the Democratic Labour Party is riven with internal dissension, that the Vatican has replaced the pro-Movement Apostolic Delegate by another who is said to be hostile to the political stand taken in the main by the Victorian hierarchy, and that the Catholic Church has come as close as it ever will to a public admission that the whole operation was a mistake which damaged its standing in Australia and caused confusion and acrimony within its own ranks.

It is true that Mr Truman refers to the division within the Church: all along, Cardinal Gilroy of Sydney favoured a Catholic organisation within the Labour Party and the trade unions which could oppose Communist influence and ensure a considerable Catholic influence within the ALP, while Archbishop Mannix of Melbourne backed the extremist view of Mr Santamaria. It was this division – due in part to the strength of the Catholic group in the Cahill government in New South Wales – which made the struggle in the Labour Party more a fight between rival Catholic groups than one between Catholics and non-Catholics. And it seems that under the new dispensation of Pope John, Rome has come down for a return to permeation. But I am not sure whether Mr Truman is arguing that these are merely alternative tactics which Catholic Action, or the Lay Apostolate, can adopt without abandoning its essential objectives, or whether he would argue that the difference in tactics may stem from a different world outlook. His suggestion, at the close of his book, that the Church might now take a 'new course' away from the authoritarian bias of Pius XI and Pius XII, seems to imply that the latter could be the case. If so, then his earlier assumption that Mr Santamaria is the authentic voice of the Church is weakened, and one begins to think of Mr Santamaria more as a temporarily successful extremist, dragging the institutions of the Church into his orbit for a term, just as Senator McCarthy (my comparison implies no personal similarity, merely one of political role) pulled the Republican Party at the tail of his comet

Books of this kind, however, are so rare, that Mr Truman will be read with profit even by those who have a sketchy knowledge of the factional intricacies of Australian Labour politics

NORMAN MACKENZIE

BJPS

The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science

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Annual subscription 42s single copies 10s 6d postage 6d

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New Novels

The Gadarene Club. By MARTIN WALSER. Trans. by EVA FIGES. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

The Cunning of the Dove. By ALFRED DUGGAN. *Faber.* 16*s.*

Within and Without. By JOHN HARVEY. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Out of this World. By BEN BARZMAN. *Collins.* 15*s.*

Aimez-vous Brahms . . . By FRANÇOISE SAGAN. Translated by PETER WILES. *Murray.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

In *The Gadarene Club* Martin Walser, a young German writer, attempts to lay bare the post-war boom society of a German town. His novel, which is like a combination of *Room at the Top* and *Appointment in Samarra*, has undoubted quality, and for its first 30 pages or so is excellent. The young provincial with a university education but no background comes to the city to make his fortune. He calls on an important editor, who is out; he finds cheap lodgings; he visits the home of the wealthy, unattractive girl he had known at the university; suffocated by her sudden confidences and the artistic pretensions of her mother, he leaves, and spends the rest of the night drinking. Later he goes to the newspaper office, again unsuccessfully, invites two of the secretaries out; the evening ends miserably. The material is not particularly new, but it is brilliantly handled. Every scene is taken at the correct angle, every sense alerted, and we feel we are in the hands of a master. But the imaginative treat we expect is denied us. Interest shifts from the young man to the corrupt, competitive society he is trying to break into; and we get a series of portraits, which are well done, but seem to stand alone. Herr Walser reports; he cannot devise a story. He virtually confesses himself beaten by his material by writing, not one novel, but four loosely linked novellas, in each of which the action is slight, and overbalanced by portraiture. The poor young provincial sacrifices integrity and succeeds, a little too suddenly; his involvement with the plain rich girl is followed by pregnancy, attempted abortion, marriage, a mistress; he has arrived. The respected doctor is separated from his mistress by the suicide of his wife. The lawyer's political ambitions are upset by his sexual desires. The honest man kills himself because he cannot get a job. Imaginatively fused, all this might have added up to something more powerful; but Herr Walser has chosen the easy way out. His novel is nevertheless unusually intelligent and can be warmly recommended, if only as a sample of young German angst

I have little taste for historical novels, and Alfred Duggan is known to me only by his reputation. *The Cunning of the Dove*, Mr Duggan's seventh novel, is the first to come my way. I do not believe it can be representative of his work. This account of the life and times of Edward the Confessor is nothing more than a bright history lesson. The facts are all there, but the characters remain as remote as ever, and appear to be as surprised as the reader at every new trait they reveal. Mr Duggan adds to the confusion by trying to show as gentle, wise and holy a man who, judging from the facts, was weak, cunning and superstitious. The dialogue is stiff, the narrative devices transparent: Edward, for example, has the convenient habit of talking to himself in the presence of his trusted chamberlain, who is the narrator.

Seeing on the jacket of a novel that it is about a well-off young man called Mark who is divided between Bridget and Sue, we expect something simple, worn and cosy. *Within and Without* is simple and worn enough, but cold-blooded and unpleasant. It is the story of a seduction, a sexual escapade; all the talk of 'love' rings false. The victim is Sue, a pretty little nobody from an art school. Pretty little Bridget bides her time with middle-class calm and gets the ring on the last page, after Sue has got rid of her baby in a painful way. It is hard to feel any sympathy for the fleeting little dilemma of the bull himself, a selfish, undistinguished young man who talks of the middle classes and money as if new to both. Mr Harvey writes well; his novel is beautifully shaped, and every now and then he touches something true. It is a pity he didn't attempt something more ambitious, for when all is said and done *Within and Without* is only an episode, material for a short story: it could have begun at Chapter 24.

The point of *Out of this World* is that somewhere in the Universe there is a twin of the Earth, much more advanced than ours. Travellers from that planet arrive on some sort of ray to see whether we are worth helping. Of course we aren't. Mr Barzman hammers home his simple, good little messages with that embarrassing North American earnestness. His novel is slack and long-winded, but entertaining in an undemanding, semi-boring, lowering, entirely dispensable way, rather like a thriller or a detective story.

One sees now why so much publicity was given to the three dots. For, apart from raising a question mark over the future of the child prodigy, *Aimez-vous Brahms* has nothing else of interest. It is a calamitously bad book, and is being noted here only because it is by Françoise Sagan. It sent me back in puzzlement to *Bonjour Tristesse*. But no; that book deserved its praise. What we are witnessing is a complete breakdown of sensibility, which many writers must fear. What then had feeling is now mechanical; what then was art has now become a formula. And the formula by itself is not enough. Here we have our old friends, now characterless and pardonably fatigued: the middle-aged man, the refined woman of a certain age, the young slut. The man goes with the slut, the refined woman finds herself a young lover. The rest can be briefly summarised (for Mlle Sagan's art has so deteriorated that a synopsis of her plot is as good as her novel, and even better, because shorter). Man revolted by slut, longs for refined woman - woman longs for man, dismisses young lover - man meets woman - bed. Curtain. With that outline, I say, you can make your own, if you can bear it; it will almost certainly be fresher than Mlle Sagan's. Clamp a Mr and Mrs on the two main characters, and you have a serial for the fourpenny women's papers. Child prodigies who write novels should not attempt to repeat their successes; the naughty young girl is a tedious young woman. Of course it is unfair to Mlle Sagan, but one can't help recalling those lines from *Bonjour Tristesse*:

> I had told my father . . . that I wanted to become famous and a thorough bore. I said he must make use of every scandalous trick known to publicity to launch me.

V. S. NAIPAUL

We regret that in our issue of 6 February we attributed *They Who Fought Here* by B I. Wiley and H. D. Milhollen, to Macmillan. It was in fact published by The Macmillan Company of New York.

Shorter Reviews

An Atlas of Africa. By J. F. HORRABIN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A most opportune and expert atlas by an old hand at making the maps that the moment demands. If you want to know about African towns and rivers and heights and depths and flora and fauna, and the rest of it, this of course is not your atlas. But if you are reading the papers and wonder whether the Belgian Congo does or does not border on Northern Rhodesia; or whether the Portuguese Azores are on the east or the west side of the continent; to whom with a bit of Africa belongs and the dates at which each piece was occupied by an European power; and when it was liberated or when it expects to be liberated - here, presented with maps and text of admirable clarity, is just the information you want. Horrabin has behind him a lifetime of study of African affairs. He dedicates his atlas to colleagues who still work on the problem and also to the memory of Dr Norman Leys, whose warnings and prophesies about Kenya have been remarkably fulfilled, and who is therefore elaborately forgotten by those who did not heed them.

K.M.

Blake's Visions of the Daughters of Albion. *Collins: Trianon Press.* 24 gns.

It would have seemed quite outside the bounds of possibility to the early pioneers of Blake studies that such an enterprise as the successive publications of the Blake Trust could ever be launched, and still less be carried through with the high degree of fidelity we see in the present facsimile of the *Visions of the Daughters of Albion* and the previous year's *The Book of Urizen*. In these productions we see triumphantly justified the insistence of such apostles of Blake as Mansfield Forbes - the eccentric genius who preached the Everlasting Gospel to a stiff-necked Cambridge in the early Thirties - that the divorce of design and text hopelessly negates Blake's intentions. In many cases their re-marriage gives us not only a new dimension of meaning but a new direction at variance with that suggested by the text alone. In others - as in the delicate involutions of a vine with four lines of denunciation of Urizen in plate 5 - a counterpoint of tenderness and severity is most graphically conveyed.

Blake's colouring is, appropriately, less sumptuous, fiery and violent in this more feminine work than in the cosmological *Book of Urizen*, but the soft harmonies are beyond praise, persuasively reinforcing the message of Blake's epigraph - 'The Eye sees more than the Heart knows': a sentence which does not, I suspect, convey quite what Sir Geoffrey Keynes suggests, 'Blake's failure to understand the facts of this world, with its pervading cruelty and prejudice'. Blake understood the facts very well, with the eye, the organ for the apprehension of facts, but he knew that the heart, hardened through 'selfish solicitude' is all too ready to distort the eye's pure vision.

B.B.

The Criminal Prosecution in England. By PATRICK DEVLIN. *Oxford.* 15*s.*

'Since I hold judicial office in England,' Lord Justice Devlin writes in his preface to these inimitable lectures, 'I should not think it right to express a personal opinion' - on matters involving praise or criticism of the police. This is what comes back into the reader's mind at page 39, where his Lordship says that 'statements have sometimes been put in evidence which have been said to be the prisoner's own unaided work as taken down by the police officer, and in which the prisoner has recounted in the stately language of the police station, (where, for example, people never eat but partake of refreshment, and never quarrel but indulge in altercations) the tale of his misdeeds' And he adds that it is the general habit of the police never to admit to the

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slightest departure from correctness. If this is Lord Justice Devlin judicially abstaining from criticism, the police ought to be worrying about the book he will write when he leaves the Bench; but it is a coolly and concisely written exposition of a part of the machinery of government which blows its safety valve about once in a decade, and which was nearing the contemporary explosion when, in 1957, these lectures were first delivered at Yale University Law School. During the next two years the Royal Commission on police will be urged to study many books and memoranda, but they could hardly have hoped for a better curtain-raiser than this urbane, learned, witty, and artfully outspoken book by one of the most penetrating judicial writers of this century.

C.H.R.

Turkey. *Thames & Hudson.* 70*s.*

The Turks, said Gibbon, ruled for 300 years in Europe and contributed nothing to civilisation save for their baths and the importation of one new plant. But Gibbon never saw Istanbul. It is a merit that of Yan's 305 photographs more than 50 display the exquisite balance and intricate masonry of Seljuk and Ottoman architecture. Hittite, Classical and Byzantine art are treated on a similar scale. The result is a splendid guide-book in pictures. But where is the audience for such a volume at 70*s.*? It cannot be taken on a trip since it is too fine to be treated in holiday fashion. The design and production would, if two or three misprints were removed, be worthy of a prize. It is not for the really learned and if the intention is to provoke general interest in Turkey the photographs certainly succeed, but not the accompanying notes by R. Mantran, which are informative without being illuminating. Occasionally they are inaccurate – the great event of 1826 was a massacre *of* the Janissaries not *by* them. Some of the faults are probably due to the translation. Lord Kinross contributes a brief introduction which rings with the romance of ruined empires and contains some shrewd observation. His description of Istanbul – 'rather of the Baltic than of the Levant' – shows a sharper vision than the blurred platitude in the notes' reference to 'Levantine atmosphere'. Turkey is a land where the connoisseur of beauty and of human experience may meet with unexpected adventures. The photographs beckon but the traveller, if he be patient and hardy, should go further; there is no photograph and scarcely any mention of the third of Turkey which lies to the east of the Euphrates.

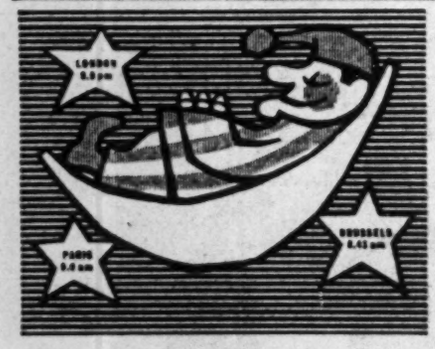
J.A.T.

A History of Spain and Portugal. By WILLIAM C. ATKINSON. *Penguin Books.* 6*s.*

It is difficult to know whether to congratulate Professor Atkinson or commiserate with him. In an exercise that must have resembled the attempt to transcribe the Bible on to the back of a post-age-stamp, he has tried to give his readers a history of Spain *and* Portugal, with three chapters on Literature and the Arts thrown in for good measure – and all in the space of 350 pages. The reader who follows him, perhaps a little breathlessly, all the way from 197 BC to AD 1958, cannot fail to be impressed by the amount of information he has managed to convey in so short a compass, and so deftly packaged that missing items in the parcel are scarcely missed at all. It comes as quite a surprise to read that 'In 1590 one Antonio Pérez, a high royal official, escaped from imprisonment . . ' and realize that this is the first, and indeed almost the last, mention of the King's famous secretary. The comparative rarity of this kind of surprise is a tribute to Professor Atkinson's terse, vigorous style and his remarkable skill in presenting a complicated story in a highly condensed form without glaring omissions.

Given the limitations of space, and of the demands of an almost exclusively political narrative, it is hard to see how the task could have been more neatly accomplished. Yet if the first of these limitations is unavoidable, this hardly seems true of the second. Within little more than a year, English readers have been offered two general histories of Spain, and each has confined itself, when all is said and done, to the most narrow type of political history. Modern Spanish historians, like their colleagues elsewhere, are struggling for a better understanding of their country's history by relating political events more closely to problems of economic and social development. Of any such attempt, this new Penguin remains innocent. The reader who wants a straight political history of the Iberian peninsula will find Professor Atkinson a judicious and sensible guide, but if he requires something more – if he thinks, for instance, that the wool trade has some relevance to the history of fifteenth-century Castile – then he is likely to go away disappointed.

J.H.E.



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Result of No. 1,563 Set by Captain Morgan

Competitors are invited to compose a Calypso on events in the recent Test Match at Port of Spain.

Report

A Calypso's form is attractive but resistible, as Odysseus (strangely anticipating our competitors) might well have remarked as he sailed away from a girl of that name – she was Atlas's daughter, actually – at Ogygia. So that the entry was scarcely of Test standard for all its unexpectedly high moral tone and seriousness. Cricket is no laughing matter. But W. G. Daish, H. A. C. Evans, J. A. Lindon and R. A. McKenzie sent down some good length stuff without quite taking a wicket. Alex Drogichen of New York suggests that batsmen should be permitted to throw things back at the crowd. M.D. bowled a wicked bumper:

Though we couldn't quite make the kill
It's all good training for Notting Hill.

P.W.R. Foot got in one solid thump to leg:

. . . It's not cricket
To fight and booze and shout.

Perhaps P. Norris had the right pay-off

This story does not have a moral
Just lovely cricket, and a lovely quarrel.

But for the most part Captain Morgan is hoarse from singing unsatisfactory rhythms. As the crowd comes rushing on to the field of play, a quick count makes it clear that the wickets were equally divided between the entries printed below.

Ah, t'ink of de mighty shame
Dat fall on de Trinidad name!
Bottles over de ground so thick,
An' Pullar hit on de head by a brick!
S'pose it was disappointing t'ing
Dat local boy, our Charan Singh,
In his first Test Match hit bad luck
Wen de umpire give him out for duck,
Was no excuse for t'row bottles an' bricks
An' leave West Indies in shameful fix.
Now de Premier an' de Guv'nor mus' apologize
An' 'fore de whole world eat humble pies.
No wonder de English at de wicket
Say dem Trinidad ways not be quite cricket.

ALLAN M. LAING

How Kanhai Singh dis Sobers song
Of de Test Match which went wrong?

True, man, Cricket dey was playin'
In de town of Port o' Spain

West Indies triumph on first day
Dismissal of Cowdrey, Pullar, May

Batsmen's hearts sank in deir jumpers
At de sight of dem great bumpers

English batting carried on
By Dexter, Smith and Barrington.

Great West Indies woe ensued
With de loss of all de brood.

Spectators gave an angry cluck
At Sobers caught out for a duck

Came de twilight bottles flew
Minister Learie caught one or two

Some of the crowd with angry shriek
Were carried struggling before de Beak

Bat and ball and also bail
Gave way to Baton charge and jail.

'Grief and Sorrow,' said Sir Gov
'De game should promote de Commonwell love

'And when to cricket you do come
Please leave behind de bottle of rum.'

J. CLEEVE-LANDE

West Indies were in a shockin' state,
Eight wickets down for ninety-eight.
Lee Kow said 'Out' to Charan Singh,
And then the people had their fling.
That Chinese man made the crowd real mad
And the bottles flew in Trinidad.

The English players could only stare
At those bottles hurtlin' through the air.
Mister May took it very well,
But what Truman said I cannot tell.
It wasn't cricket, no, by gad,
When the bottles flew in Trinidad.

That great man Learie Constantine
Got on the field and spoke real fine;
Then the fire brigade gave the crowd a squirt
To stop the people from gettin' hurt.
Only thirty were wounded bad
When the bottles flew in Trinidad.

PETER VEALE

City Lights

Upon This Rock

First the railway settlement and now the Budget estimates have provided Mr Thorneycroft with an excellent excuse for picking up where he left off two years ago, and the government is walking warily. Second and expensive thoughts on defence coincide this year with a number of inevitable increases in civil expenditure, and total supply spending is estimated to rise by 7½ per cent to £4,836m. Of the £341m increase, £116m will go on defence; the rest is well spread – £60m more on education, £21m on the national health service (before counting the cost of higher salaries), £17m on national assistance, £13m on roads, and so on. Not the least interesting increase, for Tory backbenchers as well as for the Opposition, is one of £28m in grants to particular industries (this, of course, excludes steel). Subsidies have now become part of the British way of life. While Ford is trying to convince the Board of Trade that there is not enough labour on Merseyside for Vauxhall as well as for itself, the UK Chamber of Shipping is reminding the government of how much it has spent on aircraft research, and bidding it 'be bold where the sea is concerned and spend accordingly.'

Without estimates of how much the government means to spend below the line, it is difficult to see the shape of the budget at all precisely. It seems likely, however, that tax revenue has been £200m higher than estimated in the year just ending and will be a good deal higher still in the coming year without any change in rates: the proposed increase in supply expenditure should be at least covered. But probably there is also increased expenditure under the line to deal with, and the fact that 1960 is not likely to be a year in which a sizeable overall deficit is called for. Mr Amory may not be the man to raise taxes, but he will have little scope for lowering them overall; until the rise in bank advances comes to a halt and it becomes possible to sell gilt-edged again, he must hope that the National Savings movement continues to thrive.

* * *

The new issues, fixed-interest and equity, are still only trickling out. Gloucestershire has come to the market for £3m following the £12m Australian loan, and there is another larger local authority issue in the offing. Recent issues of this sort have been taken up eagerly by investors, though they yield no more than government stocks. The convention that local authority issues should yield more than government issues, and industrial debentures more than either, has sometimes to give way to the fact that many institutional investors insist on spreading their risks and putting so much of their money into this sort of issue, so much into that.

Two new equity issues have got off to a flying start. One is Flag Investment, an investment trust owned by one of the smaller merchant banks (best known, perhaps, for controlling the Bodley Head). The capital of the trust consists not only of ordinary shares but of preferred shares convertible into ordinary in a few years' time; the bank is keeping the ordinary for the time being and has placed a quarter of the preferred. The shares placed were entitled to a large immediate dividend – a point of no interest to

COMPANY MEETING

NORTHERN DAIRIES LIMITED

A YEAR OF PROGRESS AND DIVERSIFICATION

The 11th Annual General Meeting of Northern Dairies Limited was held on February 19 at 287 Beverley Road, Hull.

Mr A S. Horsley, (Chairman and Joint Managing Director), presided. The following are extracts from his circulated statement.

1959 has been a very successful year. Profits, dividends, Stock Exchange prices have all increased and we have given a one for one share bonus Our progress goes on although it is only occasionally that an important deal becomes news. During the year we extended our dairy trade by acquiring Ivanhoe Dairies of Derby, and recently we purchased Donaldson's Dairies of Middlesbrough.

Diversification

With this increase in the milk business your Board have felt some need for "diversification" - a wonderful password which can excuse almost any error of judgment In entering Industrial Banking and Hire Purchase we feel that we have not made a mistake. Supplying frozen food conservators led to establishing Beverley Finance Company Within twelve months the turnover became so great that our old friends I.C.F.C. accepted our invitation to become partners in this Company which has £300.000 Issued Capital.

The other diversification is Agriculture Engineering We acquired J E. & E. Ison and Son Ltd. of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, a very old established firm and Northern Agricultural Engineers Ltd in North Yorkshire where we are now Massey-Ferguson Distributors.

Dairy Trading

Our sales of liquid milk, cream and manufactured products have been records although the sudden drop in milk supplies during the late summer brought manufacture at Holme Moor and Saundby almost to a standstill, but your Directors have the future milk supplies adequately ensured. Northern Dairies has progressed almost entirely as a result of its workers, for that reason capital expenditure is considered in relation to staff. We have installed mechanical handling at Mansfield, Doncaster, Middlesbrough and Rotherham, and we have started a new dairy at York and prepared plans for Hull. Sales of our Double Dairy Ice Cream, Frozen Cream Cakes, Trifles, Whipped Cream and Skinless Sausages have increased splendidly and our products are becoming well known over a wide area.

Year	Trading Profit	Net Profit
	£	£
1956	365,977	112,549
1957	429,593	167,119
1958	494,269	181,499
1959	610,585	240,151

It is recommended that a final dividend of 6% be paid making 10½% in all and a Special Distribution of 1% tax-free be made. The cash flow is £330.000 per annum and if this continues for the next 3 years we shall be able to build the required new dairies etc. without weakening our current position.

General

Two of our Directors Mr and Mrs Stieger have held the Shrievalty of Hull with great charm, and I thank them and our other Directors for the courage, foresight, acumen and love of humanity which have been needed to build up Northern Dairies. As always the staff and work people have been wonderful.

Disarmament

Yet business cannot flourish if our world spends a quarter of its income on armaments whilst two thirds of the world is near to starvation. Worse still, weapons when tested spread disease and if used would destroy the civilisation which they are supposed to defend. If two monopoly firms fought a trade war at home to mutual bankruptcy and ignored undeveloped markets in the world we should consider them extremely badly managed. I suggest that more vision and less fear is needed by all Governments.

Despite the above warning I hasten to assure shareholders that the prospects for Northern Dairies have never appeared brighter. We expect in a year's time to congratulate our members on another excellent year's work.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Peter Dominic's
New Bolts from the Blue

There's a rumble of rum in the Close tonight:
Nine concussed and the last one bled.
A bumping pitch and the whole town tight:
An hour to play—and the umpire's fled.
But it's not for the sake of a planter's punch,
Or the selfish hope of a front page name:
If a very large bottle just hits you—crunch!
Play up! Play up! But watch your aim!

Prepare for brighter cricket this summer . . .

. . . with BIG value in BIG bottles. Excellent Bordeaux Rouge, Rosé, and Blanc; three extra large bottles — one of each to try — post paid 25s 6d. By rail 95s per dozen, carriage paid; or a 5-gallon demi-john at 32s 6d per gallon to bottle yourself. In the London area and within van delivery radius of our Southern counties branches, the same wines can be delivered free in gallon glass jars at 35s 6d plus 2s returnable deposit, equivalent to 5s 11d for the usual bottle Half-gallons too at 18s plus 2s.

Full details and our 108-page book "The Wine Mine" with your "Trial Three" 25s 6d. Write Vault 4, PETER DOMINIC LTD., Wine Shippers, Horsham (Tel. 3222), or telephone our London Cellars at 2-8 Orange Street, W.C.2 (Tel. TRAfalgar 4877).

Enjoy a *novel* holiday–
see the ***Ireland***
you've read about

Every Irish writer, from Yeats to Shaw, Joyce to O'Casey, has expressed in his work his love for the country that inspired him. In novel, in poem, in play, you've read of the glory of Ireland; of her gentle, green country; her purple blue mountains; her lakes and streams; her friendly people. You've read of the gaiety of Dublin, the excitement of a night at the Abbey or Gate. It's almost as if you've been there . . . almost.

But you'll never really know Ireland until you've *personally* experienced its charm. See Ireland for yourself—go there for a holiday. Only a couple of hours away, it's as different as 'abroad' but without any passport or currency formalities.

For further information and a wide range of colourful free literature see your travel agent, write or call at the

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LONDON 73 Regent St. W.1 MANCHESTER 16 Mosley St. 2
GLASGOW 35 St. Enoch Square C.1

most investors, since the net value of the dividend was included in the placing price, but of considerable interest to charities entitled to reclaim the tax paid on it; the issue got off to an excellent start. Another issue to go well has been that of the Watney Property shares recently distributed to Watney shareholders. The property company is to hold and develop the properties not needed in the main business which interested Mr Clore, and an up-to-date valuation of these properties puts a value of 5s apiece on its shares. The property market, however, is used to looking ahead. The shares began there at 15s.

* * *

The wave of brewery mergers is still growing. Terms have been announced this week for a merger between Courage & Barclay (itself a recent combination) and H. & G. Simonds. The former has breweries in London and Kent and 1,600 pubs, the latter 1,200 pubs scattered over south and west England and South Wales; the combination will be a formidable one. It has been announced, too, that merger negotiations are going on between Scottish Breweries (the Youngers firm, whose chairman was opposed to large-scale amalgamations in the industry only a year ago) and Newcastle Breweries. J. & R. Tennent, a Glasgow brewer which has few pubs but which is probably the largest producer of canned beer in the country, has suddenly decided to have its shares quoted in London. And Mr Taylor is expanding. Mr Taylor is a Canadian millionaire whose millions are based on the concentration of the Ontario brewing industry. He believes, and he is obviously right, that the British brewing industry is itself ripe for concentration, and his firm, Canadian Breweries, has acquired a substantial interest in Hope & Anchor of Sheffield and John Jeffrey of Edinburgh. These two are now to merge with Hammonds United of Bradford into a new group named Northern Breweries, in which Mr Taylor will obviously have a considerable stake.

Company News

Last summer, so good for beer and soft drinks, was less good for short drinks like Babycham, on which *Showerings* depends for most of its profit; Coate's Cider, however, provided a useful hedge, profits rose, the dividend was increased, and is to be increased again this year. The chairman predicts a cider price-cutting war, but it seems unlikely to benefit the general public. *Alfred Herbert*, the largest of the machine tool manufacturers, has reported a relatively slight drop in profits last year and a sharp increase in orders during the past three months. The dividend has been raised again. *Monsanto* reports higher sales, bigger profit margins, and a profit after tax which is more than doubled; the dividend increase is relatively small. *Hudson's Bay*, two-thirds of the profits of which now come from retail trading in Canada, has disappointed the market by announcing an unchanged profit; in the previous, recession year the profit had risen by 13 per cent. *Norcros*, probably the most successful of the industrial holding companies which have mushroomed in the past few years, has issued preliminary profit figures which relate to a 17-month period and include the earnings of five new subsidiaries only for different, broken periods; investors would have been happier if the chairman, like the chairman of *Hall-Thermotank* recently, had provided an estimate of what profits would have been if all the new acquisitions had been subsidiaries for a full year. The chairman of *Northern Dairies* declares that prospects have never appeared brighter, while pointing out that business cannot flourish 'if our world spends a quarter of its income on armaments whilst two thirds of the world is near starvation.'

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 537. Russian Veteran

What with that inexhaustible supply of Russian grandmasters, some of them barely out of their 'teens we have come to think of their seniors such as Ragozin (51), Botvinnik (49) or Kotov (47) as veritable veterans. Yet, there is one we tend to forget since (for the last ten years or so) he has been mainly devoted to important literary labours such as his collaboration with Smyslov at their tome on R-endings or his editorship of a monumental team-work on openings. He is Grigori Levenfish and when he celebrated his 70th birthday a few months ago he was duly honoured by the USSR chess fraternity. His record is truly remarkable. Twice he won the Soviet Championship, in 1934 and in 1937, and in that same year he drew a match with Botvinnik (5+, 5−, 3=). And in the 1949 championship, aged 60 he got a well deserved brilliancy prize for this game against Smyslov, the winner of the tournament.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-KKt3; (3) Kt-QB3, P-Q4; (4) Kt-B3, B-Kt2; (5) Q-Kt3, PxP (6) QxBP, O-O; (7) P-K4, KKt-Q2; (8) B-K3, Kt-Kt3. (9) Q-Kt3 Kt-B3 (10) QR-Q1 B-Kt5 (11) P-Q5 Kt-K4; (12) B-K2 KtxKt ch; (13) PxKt B-R4; (14) P-B4, BxB. (15) KtxB Q-B1; (16) R QB1! P-QB3. (17) P-B5!, Kt-Q2; [Smyslov daren't accept the offer as the attack along the open Kt-file would soon be overwhelming]; (18) KR-Kt1, K-R1 (19) PxKtP, RPxP; (20) B-Q4!, Kt-B3; (21) R-B3! KttxKP; (22) RxKtP!, PxR; (23. R-R3 ch, K-Kt1; (24) PxP ch. P-K3; (25) PxP, Q-B3. (26 PxR = Q. RxQ [Levenfish has merely a P to show for al has exertions, but the attack is still going strong] (27) BxB. KxB; (28) Q-K3! Kt-B3 (29) Kt-Q4, Q-R8 ch (30) K-K2, Q-Q4; (31) KtxP ch, K-Kt1; (32) R-R8 ch!! K-B2; (33) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-Kt2. (34) RxR, and Smyslov resigned, since after QxR the Q-check will win his Kt.

Levenfish's combinative powers were also in evidence when (White against Lilienthal in the USSR championship of 1948) he reached this position: /r4k1/3kt1pbp/pq1Pr1p1/Kt1p1p3/P7/1P2B2P/Q4PP1/2RR2K1/.

(28) P-QKt4! QxP (29 Kt-B6, Q-Kt6; [Saves the exchange but now the fireworks start]. (30) KtxR!!, QxQ; (31) KttxKt. R-Kt1; (32) B-Kt5, R-R1; (33) Kt-Kt6. R-R2; (34) P-Q7, RxP; (35) KtxR, P-R3: (36) Kt-B6 ch. K-B1; (37) R-Q8 ch. K-K2: (38) R-K8 ch. K-Q3; (39) Kt-K4 ch, resigns.

And here to show Levenfish's combinative gifts no less than his prowess at the endgame is a position he reached when White against Kan in the 1934 USSR championship: /5rk1/1b4p1/p1p4p/7Q/PpKtq1kt2/1P3B1P/5PP1/4R1K1/.

(36) Q-K5; Q-B6!; (37 Kt-Q6!! KtxP ch (best); (38) K-R2 Kt-Kt4!; [Now the Black B is taboo on account of RxB]. (39) B-Kt4!, QxQ; (40) RxQ. B-R1; (41) P-B4!! [Looks like an oversight, but is the winning move]. RxP; (42) B-B5! [Here Kan gave up the exchange and resigned a move or two later. His best move was P-Kt3, and here's what Levenfish had worked out against this: (43) R-K8 ch K-Kt2. (44 RxB PxB: (45) RxP P-B4. (46) P-R5. Kt-K5; (47) R-R7 ch K-B3 (best); (48) Kt-K8 ch, K-K3 (49) P-R6 R-B8 (best); (50) R-R7. R-QR8. (51) P-R7. K-K4 (52) R-K7 ch. K-B5; (53) Kt-B7, Kt-B7; (54) Kt-Q5 ch. K-Kt4. (55) R-Kt7 ch. K-R4: (56) Kt-B6 ch. K-R5. (57) P-Kt3 mate!

The 4-pointer is a game position in which White neatly forced the issue in a few moves; and this should be much facilitated for beginners by a useful hint. After the rather obvious first two moves, what matters is to get the White KB out of his Queen's way, so as to give her a free run for the *coup de grâce*.

A: G. Levenfish 1925

B (for 6 ladder-points) is a draw, and with a pretty 'echo' too. **C** (for 7 points) is a win; very nice too and not too difficult either.

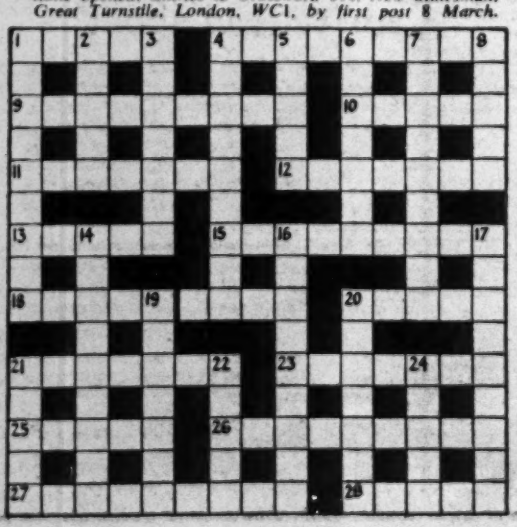
B: Albrecht: /6k1/7p/8/2p5.6Kt1/8/p5K1/6B1/.

C: Efron: /8/1p3p2/1p1B4/1P2pP2.4P3/8/pPK5/k7/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 7 March.

Week-end Crossword 394

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 394, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 8 March.



ACROSS

1. Treads quietly in front of the experts (5).
4. Concerning a religion which has a suitable place in man (9).
9. Kept off a dirty mark in a couch (9).
10. Grown up in 1959? (5).
11. Forming a picture, giving mother a drink in the middle (7).
12. Naughty children finish by spoiling a class (7).
13. Like an enclosure for a tree (5).
15. Edition for militant communism? (9).
18. Mountain where Christianity was defeated? (5, 4).
20. A certainty caught before a very short distance (5).
21. The Russian has to run with the heavens (7).
23. Biblical outsider (7).
25. Pendennis's wife (5).
26. The human race bores monkeys (9).
27. Sympathetic vibration (9).
28. Without the shilling the medicines would do for animals (5)

DOWN

1. Hypocritical in religion but could be in charge of a parish (9)
2. Conspirator about twice without a second (5).
3. A weapon in the language of a playwright (7)
4. Place for animals - and people, perhaps I agree (9).
5. The drain may be put into the lowest place (5).
6. Race in which I am under the filly (7).
7. Social service in which due action has been revised (9).
8. The wind for other people (5).
14. Introductions which put a poet among the professionals (9).
16. I am with everyone in the hall in making love (9).
17. Extreme sceptics who are potentially in his list (9).
19. Put up with disgrace in which we are found (7).
20. Stuck together as girl in another's embrace (7).
21. Worker in Coventry for infantile reasons (5)
22. Place for you chaps (5).
24. Book for a giant (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 392

P	E	T	E	R		D	A	M	O	C	L	E	A	N
L		I		A		A		E		O		C		O
A	N	T	E	D	A	T	E	D		R	E	L	I	T
N		H		I		E		O		S		A		E
T	H	E	B	A	N	S		C	L	A	I	M	E	D
A		N		T		G		P						
B	E	F	I	T		A	C	T	R	E	S	S	E	S
L		R		M		E				I		P		
E	P	I	S	C	O	P	A	L		C	O	A	T	I
		E		O		E		O				K		
M	A	D	O	N	N	A		G	E	N	O	E	S	E
A		L		A		M		R		T		X		N
S	W	A	R	T		I	N	A	M	O	R	A	T	A
K		N		U		G		M		U		C		R
S	I	D	E	S	M	O	W	S		R	A	T	E	D

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 392

Mrs B. Davies (London, W8)
R. Cooper (London, SW13)
F. Arnheim (London, NW3)

PERSONAL

LOVELY flat with terrace, overlooking Mediterranean & Cap d'Antibes. Mod. cons. Sleeps 6. Countrified, 1 mile beach. Unexpectedly free 23 April-14 May. 3 wks 20 gns. Also 1-30 Sept. 60 gns. Brit. refs. Sommarugo, Pertuades, Golfe - Juan, France, A.M.

P.G.'s. Every considn, comfort, happiness in lively intelligent fam.'s country home, nr Alton. From 6 gns. Gar. avail. Box 2630.

BABY, 18 months, mixed parentage, no parental ties, requires permanent home in family group, preferably as youngest member. Apply Children's Area Officer, Local County Offices, Gt West Rd, Brentford, Mx

GENT. 35 sks comp (m) air hol. Sorrento 20 Aug. Wd join pty. Box 2348

LADY (71) SE coast wishes to meet another to share house and work and willing to pay one guinea weekly; preferably not over 60. Box 2407

DESPERATE to reach South Africa: (f), 19, will do any work in exchange for fare paid or partly paid. Secretarial experience. Box 2469.

YAS Mina Orphanage, near Tunis 100 Algerian Refugee Orphans sheltered Ages 8-13. They have been eating earth to allay hunger pains. We need help. It costs £2,500 a year to run home. Your gift, large or small, will be welcomed by Treasurer. Rt Hon Hilary Marquand, DSc., MP War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd. Ealing, W5

WOMAN teacher and daughter aged 16 urgently require two rooms in return small rent and/or some help, domestic/children, evenings, weekends. Box 2618

SPRING ski-ing opportunity sunbathed Kuehtai, 6,000 ft Tyrol. 27 March to 10 April. Few vacancies in congenial party Apply Box 2631/Tel. FRO 1619 aft 6 p.m.

BUS lady travelling USA, West Indies, Brazil June/August 1960, can still accept commissions. Box 2455.

FLEET Street journalist writes, edits, speeches, articles, brochures, house magazines, etc. Box 2464

INDIA - 4th person (pref female) sought for overland trip leaving Sept. returning Apr Cost approx. £150. Box 2627

SCHOOL Holidays. Whole or part. Small boy or girl offered home. Large garden Wood, 96 Pams Way, Ewell, Surrey

TEENAGERS can have a lovely holiday in France in August, welcoming French youngster in July in exchange. Mrs Robertson, 51 rue de la Harpe, Paris 5e

50TH Anniversary Celebration International Women's Day Exhibition Women's struggle for equality. Meet pioneer women Saturday, 5 March, 7.30 p.m. Holborn Assembly Rooms, John's Mews, Grays Inn Rd, WC1. Tickets 1s.

HAPPY holidays for children in ideal surroundings. Country manor, 12 acres parkland. Own sandy beaches, sailing, swimming, riding. Mrs Baudouy, Netherton House, Combe-in-Teignhead, S. Devon

GERMANY. Yng man resident here offers services, business, inf etc. Box 2545

SON of Italian doctor, 21, reqs hospitality for summer in England in exchange for similar, boy or girl. Box 2386

ITAL. Riviera mod villa to let Apr. on Lower terms long let. Box 2570.

YOUNG artist, Slade diploma, paints murals; commns wanted. Box 2567

YOUNG lady seeks regular or occasional weekend occupation (London). Poss. book shop, modern or antique dealer, coffee bar. Remuneration of secondary importance. Car driver, some typing. Box 2491.

HOME typist wanted at up to 6s per 1,000 wds. Scientific vocabulary needed. Earn Grundig as you type. Box 2487

ROME. Engl woman (knowledge Ital; lit. freelance) shs occas paying guest accom cent Rome. Quiet rm essent. Italian non-Engl. spkg family pref. Box 2490

GREECE private party 12 May Athens hotel & island villa 3 wks meals, accom, excursions & travel via Italy, only 54 gns. Matthews, 11 Park Ter, Cambridge

SPRING Skiing: Cambridge parties to Austria and Switzerland. Box 2529

HOLLAND. Dutch master of Engl. & wife invite p.g.'s Apr. to Oct. in their home in bulb-sea area, dly touring in his car. R. Hinloopen, Delftlaan 339, Haarlem.

WOULDN'T you like to go on your Continental holiday armed with a good conversational knowledge which you can acquire quickly, without tiresome study, in under four weeks? An ingenious idea enables you to do just this, simply, effectively and at very low cost. Send p.c. illustrated leaflet and particulars to Dept. L.C.16, Shaws, 109 Waterloo Road, London, SE1

JUNE-September. Large bed-sitting room, full board, £1 weekly in return for a little light help. Edgware. Box 2602.

FLUTE lessons 1 gn p.h. French method. Write N., 110 Old Brompton Rd, SW7.

EDINBURGH Festival, 1960. New plays required by Amateur Group. Write for details to New Venture Productions, c/o 2 Courtfield Road, London, SW7

GUITAR Lessons Classical Chesnakov. 68a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA 4334

CONTINENT. Attract posts for girls avail Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd. SW7

PERSONAL—continued

CONVERSATIONAL Greek. Lessons wanted in simple demotic Greek by fairly intelligent housewife. Chelsea/Kensington area if possible. Reas. FLA. 2400.

GEORGE Fullard, sculptor, urgently requires working space, studio or workshop in London. Box 2534.

CHILDREN'S Farm Camp (8-17 yrs) 9-23 Aug at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. 6½ gns. p.w. Sibs. reduction, equipment extra.

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ANGRY Young Men wanted for Peace College, PKF, 23 Keswick Rd, Lancaster.

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TEACHING in Essex. If you teach in Essex you can live within easy reach of London, the Coast and the Countryside. Almost 50% of Essex teachers are eligible for the London Allowance. See the Essex advertisements each week in the educational press or write for brochure 'Teaching in Essex' to the Chief Education Officer, (Dept SN), County Offices, Chelmsford

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PERSONAL—continued

WORLD Refugee Year. Don't miss the 'Refugee Gift Fair' exhibition of articles donated from all over Britain to the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief's famous Gift Shop. Daily at the Tea Centre, Lower Regent Street (10 to 6.30) (Sat 1 p.m.) until 5 March. Jewellery, works of art, antiques, etc. Come & browse, buy if you wish. Gift articles welcome.

GUITAR: Garfield-Howe Group at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon 11-14 Mar; also 'Readings from A. N. Whitehead' 18-21 Mar. 'The Crusades' & 'Pianists'

WE aim to develop communities of families, single people, different occupations, ages, under one roof. Shared domestic and recreational facs. Joint house ownership. S.a.e. to Community Living Association, 54 Hillfield Rd, London, NW6.

MERCIFUL release for incurable sufferers is the aim of the Euthanasia Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8

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CONSTIPATION (the source of many ills) is most successfully treated by Natural methods. Partics gratis. The Secy, Park Lane Clinic, 105 Park Lane, Croydon.

4½% Interest (tax paid) lowest in a Society with a proud policy. Loans to owner-occupiers only through The New Homes Building Society, 8 Tweedsmuir Parade, Mddx. Chrm: Anthony Markowe, MP

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DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag (Dept N.N.), 14 Wardour St, London, W1

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'WHICH' reports factually on the value for money of goods and services, based on independent research. 'Which' is published monthly by The Consumers' Association and is available on annual subscription only £1. Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

'LABOUR Monthly' R. Palme Dutt on the Eden Memoirs; Quaestor, Disarmament and its Enemies; Alan Winnington, China-India Border. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly (NS), 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3

RACE Hatred & the Law; Motor Industry Prospects, etc. 'Labour Research'. 1s. (1s. 2d. p.f.). 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

ALL the Boycott news in this week's 'Tribune', 6d. from your newsagent.

A WEAPON for all who fight racialism. 'The Racial Problem'. 1s. 3d. p.f. (78 pages). Read our modest but unique comment on Africa in the special issue of the 'Socialist Standard'. 8d. p.f. from Socialist Pty of Gt Brit., 52 Clapham High St, SW4

'THE Lyon in Mourning', by Robert Forbes. Ed. Henry Paton. Copy required urgently. Box 2541

ONLY The Best for Bibliophiles. The Army & Navy Stores' Library Service provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1

'3' Arts Quarterly. Painting, Sculpture, New Writing. First issue: March, 1960. Contributors include: Henry Moore, Gio Ponti, Stuart Holroyd, McNeil Lowry. '3' is published by the Woodstock Gallery. Editor: Frederick Palmer

OFFERS made for books in English, French or German. Also room soon wanted for storing books. Waterhouse, 2 Station Arcade, Swiss Cott, NW6. PRI 2585

S/H books, records, posted. Lists send. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

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COTSWOLDS. Guests welcomed in simple country house in lovely valley. Easter, Whitsun and Summer holidays 7-8 gns. weekly 25s. daily. Also small furn. cottage. 'Steanbridge' nr Stroud, Glos. Tel: Painswick 2093 evenings.

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OBERHOFEN, Lake of Thun, Hotel Schönau. Perfect situation on lakeside, adjoining landing-stage; superb views of Bernese Oberland; h. & c. in all bedrooms; first-class cuisine. Pension terms (incl.) 17-24 fr. per day; with bath 25-28 fr. Reduced rates for April, May, Sept. and Oct.

MALLORCA. Pin villa with swimming pool, sunbathing enclosure; 15 mins walk centre Palma. Two bus services. Bed 100 pesetas, Cont. bkfst & luncheon as req'd. Car avail. Kent, Calle Mas 24, Palma.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE REPUBLIC OF THE SUDAN

The Ministry of Education invites applications for appointment as masters in Secondary Schools in the Sudan, in particular for the teaching of ENGLISH up to 'O' level or the equivalent. Vacancies also exist for masters to teach MATHEMATICS, SCIENCE, HISTORY and GEOGRAPHY up to a similar level.

QUALIFICATIONS AND AGE:

A University Degree in Arts or Science is essential. Teaching experience, a Certificate in Education and willingness to assist with games, Physical Training, and other school activities, will be an advantage. Age limits 23-45

TERMS OF SERVICE:

Appointment will be on Short Term Contract (with bonus) up to five years. Salary ranges from £S.1,075 to £S.1,675 (£S.1 = £1.0.6d.) with bonus payable at end of contract. Starting rate of pay will be determined according to age, qualifications and experience. A Cost of Living Allowance, reviewed every two months, is payable. An Outfit Allowance of £S.50 is also payable when the contract is signed. Annual leave accrues at the rate of 7 days per month with free passages. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Embassy of the Republic of the Sudan, Appointments Section, Cleveland Row, St James's, London, SW1, quoting reference 4/1003

THE REPUBLIC OF THE SUDAN

The Ministry of Education invites applications for appointment as mistresses in Secondary Schools in the Sudan in particular for the teaching of ENGLISH up to 'O' level or the equivalent. Vacancies also exist for mistresses to teach MATHEMATICS, SCIENCE, HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY AND DOMESTIC SCIENCE up to a similar level

QUALIFICATIONS AND AGE:

A University Degree in Arts or Science or equivalent qualifications in Domestic Science is essential. Teaching experience, a Certificate in Education, and willingness to assist with games, physical training, Music and other school activities, will be an advantage. Age limits 23 to 45

TERMS OF SERVICE:

Appointment will be on Short Term Contract (with bonus) for a period of up to five years. Salary ranges from £S.860 to £S.1,340 (£S.1 = £S.1.0.6d.) with bonus payable at end of contract. Starting rate will be determined according to age, qualifications and experience. An outfit allowance of £S.50 is payable when the contract is signed. A Cost of Living Allowance which is reviewed every two months is also payable. Annual home leave accrues at the rate of 7 days per month with free passage. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Embassy of the Republic of the Sudan, Appointments Section, Cleveland Row, St James's, London, SW1, quoting reference 4/1026

ROYAL TECHNICAL COLLEGE, SALFORD.

MANAGEMENT STUDIES

Applications are invited for the post of SENIOR LECTURER in MANAGEMENT STUDIES to commence duties on 1 September, 1960

Salary Range: £1,550 rising to £1,750 p.a.

Applicants should preferably be experienced both in industrial management practice and in the teaching of Management Subjects. The duties of the person appointed will be to teach Management Studies, and to maintain suitable contacts with Industry. He will be encouraged to initiate research and to undertake consultative work in Industry

Further particulars and form of application may be obtained from the Registrar, Royal Technical College, Salford, 5, to whom completed applications should be returned by 8 April

R. RIBBLESDALE THORNTON,
Clerk to the Governors

EXCEPTIONAL post May. Mistress in Charge of three Resident Staff for small happy country preparatory school for girls. Burnham scale. Staff cottage, perm home in holidays if reqd. Box 2403.

WANTED: experienced social worker, to take charge in home for eight girls (15 plus). Reply, Bishop of Plymouth, 13 Bainbridge Avenue, Plymouth

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

POST OF ARCHAEOLOGICAL COMMISSIONER, DEPARTMENT OF ARCHAEOLOGY

CEYLON

Applications are invited for the post of Archaeological Commissioner in the Department of Archaeology, Ceylon, on the scale Rs.14,400 - 3 of 600 - 16,200 per annum for Ceylonese and £2,000 to £2,500 per annum for non-Ceylonese.

Further particulars may be obtained from the office of the High Commissioner for Ceylon in the United Kingdom, London.

Applications for the above post should reach the High Commissioner for Ceylon in the United Kingdom, London, before 8 March, 1960.

HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CEYLON IN THE UNITED KINGDOM,
13 Hyde Park Gardens,
London, W2.

ROYAL TECHNICAL COLLEGE, SALFORD

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Continuing expansion of this College of Advanced Technology has resulted in certain vacancies, shortly to be filled. The persons appointed to these posts will (1) be expected to contribute by research to the advancement of the science of electrical engineering, and preference will be given to those who have already shown ability in this regard (2) be required to lecture in such courses at both undergraduate and post graduate levels as may be assigned to them. Every effort is made to ensure that lecturing duties are in keeping with a genuine opportunity to carry out research. The department is well equipped with apparatus, and reasonable financial backing can be expected for approved research programmes. The vacancies below represent an exceptional opportunity for persons of good ability to pursue an active scientific or engineering career in an academic atmosphere

(a) Reader: Salary £1,800 rising to £2,100 per annum, with the possibility of a higher maximum in exceptional cases.

(b) Senior Lecturer: Salary £1,550 rising to £1,750 per annum.

(c) Lecturer: Salary £1,370 rising to £1,550 per annum.

(d) Assistant Lecturer: Salary £700 rising to £1,150 per annum, plus certain allowances

The person appointed to post (a) will have already made a substantial contribution in his field, and will probably have directed teams of research workers. Persons of proven high research ability alone will be considered.

Posts (b), (c) and (d) will be suitable for persons at various stages in their careers as active scientists or engineers. Normally, for post (d) they will have a good honours degree; for post (c) they will have completed several years of post graduate work, and preferably will have performed work of Ph.D. standard; for post (b) the volume of such work expected would be greater, consistent with some years of post doctorate activity. The type of establishment at which the work has been carried out is not important, but the quality of the work itself will be taken into account. The actual possession of higher degrees and/or of teaching experience, whilst advantageous, is not essential

Further particulars and form of application may be obtained from the Registrar, Royal Technical College, Salford, 5, Lancs, to whom completed form should be returned by 14 March, 1960.

R. RIBBLESDALE THORNTON,
Clerk to the Governors.

MOTIVATION RESEARCH

Women aged between 25 and 45 with a good standard of education and free to travel are wanted for a particularly interesting and varied type of interviewing

A guaranteed amount of work will be offered to the right person provided she is fully mobile

Box 2423

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes, Devon. Resident group teacher, preferably a woman, required in September in the Middle School for 10-year-old boys and girls. Burnham Scale. The post is one offering opportunity for initiative and experiment. Write fully, sending testimonials and references, to the Joint Principals, Mr & Mrs Child.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PROFESSIONAL TRAINING FOR CHILD CARE OFFICERS

Trained child care officers are urgently needed. This is a worth while career for men and women in an expanding service. One year courses are provided at the Universities of Birmingham, Bristol, Durham (King's College, Newcastle), Leicester, Liverpool, Southampton, and the London School of Economics. Men and women with University qualifications in social science are eligible to be considered for all courses. Qualified teachers, health visitors and graduates in other subjects are also invited to apply but generally can be considered only for a somewhat longer course. Grants are available towards fees and maintenance. Write to the Central Training Council in Child Care, Home Office, Horseferry House, Thorney Street, London, SW1. For courses starting in October, 1960, candidates should apply now, and in any case not later than 1 March, 1960.

DR BARNARDO'S HOMES

APPLICATIONS are invited from QUALIFIED WOMEN SOCIAL WORKERS (28-50 yrs) for non-resident appointments as WELFARE OFFICERS for work with children for

(1) Eastern suburbs of London and part of Essex.

(2) Relief duties for Eastern and Northern counties.

Candidates C. of E. or Free Church should possess Social Science Diploma or equivalent and have subsequent experience in Boarding Out, Case Work and Girls Aftercare, and hold current driving licence. Apply giving full details of qualifications, age and experience to Miss Scott, 18 Stepney Causeway, London, E1.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Several new appointments of trained and qualified social workers will shortly be made at provincial prisons. Salary as for Probation Service. Enquiries are invited by General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1 VICtoria 9717/9.

Anglo-Continental School of English
33 Wimborne Road
BOURNEMOUTH
(Recognised as Efficient by the Ministry of Education)

HOLIDAY COURSES 1960

The above language centre for foreign students requires a number of additional part-time Teachers and Lecturers for its summer courses between 4 July and 17 September, 1960. Applicants must be prepared to take up their duties on either 4 July or 18 July, and all appointments will terminate on or shortly before 17 September.

Applications are invited from the following:

(a) Specialists in direct method English language teaching, including Speech and Conversation specialists.

(b) Linguists (German/French/Italian/Swedish), experienced in teaching English to elementary students.

(c) Lecturers: (American) 'Life and Institutions of the United States' (English) - 'English History: 19th Century', 'English History: 20th Century', 'English Literature: 20th Century', 'English Life and Institutions'

Experience of working with Continentals will be an advantage, and all applicants should show evidence of initiative, energy and enthusiasm. The positions are well remunerated and assistance is offered in finding accommodation in Bournemouth. Preference will be given to male applicants, except in the case of Speech and Conversation specialists.

Applications, together with a recent photograph, should state qualifications and relevant experience of the candidate, and should be addressed to Richard S. Davis, above. Replies will be made during March and interviews will be arranged later in Bournemouth and London

LONDON County Council. Chartered Librarians are invited to apply for positions of Librarian Grade III in the Education Library Service for full or half time appointments in schools. Salary scale £690-£940 (pro rata for half-time appointments); appointment above the minimum, if appropriate. Five day week. Full information and application forms from the Education Officer (Estab. 2/L), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 12 March, 1960.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Promotions Organiser in its Publicity Department. Holder of this new post will be responsible to Head of Publicity for origination and organisation of visual publicity in the forms of photographic display, exhibitions, publication of leaflets, pamphlets, etc., concerned with BBC programmes and policy, and the making of films about BBC activities. Promotions Organiser will work in close association with those in Publicity Department who are responsible for the BBC's Press relations at home and overseas. While having no responsibility for presentation of information about forthcoming programmes appearing on the television screen or broadcast in sound, Promotions Organiser will co-operate with those concerned. Necessary qualifications include sound knowledge and appreciation of good lay-out and of what is best in modern design. Familiarity with the work of the BBC and capacity to make fruitful contact with people inside and outside the Corporation are also necessary. Salary £1,920 rising by five annual increments to £2,395 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.85 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant Head of Publicity. Holder of this new post will be responsible to Head of Publicity for day-to-day service of information to United Kingdom Press and for maintaining and extending the BBC's close relations with the Press. He will maintain liaison with other sections of Publicity Department in publicising and promoting the BBC's work in Sound and Television. Assistant Head will deputise for Head of Publicity, in his absence, over the whole field of the Department's work, including External Services. Assistant Head of Publicity will be based at the Television Centre in London W12, and will have facilities for operating also from headquarters of Publicity Department in London W1. Qualifications are a sound, up-to-date knowledge of the Press, including the provincial Press; good editorial judgment; familiarity with the work of the BBC; ability to make fruitful contact with people inside and outside the BBC; capacity for leadership in a Department carrying out varied activities. Salary £2,110 rising by five annual increments to £2,610 max. p.a. An exceptionally well qualified candidate might be appointed at a salary of £2,285 rising by five annual increments to £2,835 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed env. and quoting ref. 60.G.86 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within 5 days.

BBC requires Sub-Editors for its domestic News service. Recruitment will be to the central newsroom, from which promotion is possible in competition into all journalistic posts serving both Sound and Television up to highest editorial grades. Candidates must have journalistic experience, preferably as sub-editors. Work involves day and night shifts. Salary as Sub-Editor £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Posts are pensionable after qualifying period. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.83. N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC invites applications for post of Russian Monitor (based at Caversham, near Reading) and also for the Reserve List to provide for future vacancies. Duties include listening to and selective reporting of contents of news and other broadcasts from abroad. Idiomatic knowledge of Russian, perfect hearing, sound knowledge of world affairs, ability to type and translate into good English essential. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with promotion to salary range £1,095-£1,370 when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.80 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Readership in Oriental Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Reader in Oriental Studies. Applicants should have the following qualifications: 1. An Honours degree in Chinese (preferably in Classical Chinese) or its equivalent. 2. Ability to speak Chinese (preferably Mandarin) fluently. Acquaintance with other dialects of Chinese in addition will be an asset. 3. Good knowledge of at least one other Oriental Language, preferably Tibetan with Sanskrit or Pali. 4. Specialization in some branch of Oriental Studies, preferably Buddhism, with ability in research evidenced by publications. 5. Some experience in teaching and administration. Annual salary (superannuable) is: £2,500 for a man or £1,900 p.a. for a woman. There is also an expatriation allowance of £300 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Hong Kong and London, on 31 March, 1960.

CHILDREN'S Worker (woman) required for intensive case work in East London. Good experience essential. Soc. Science qualifica. an advantage. Box 2580.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MUSLIM College (University of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur) Lecturer/Assistant Lecturer in Islamic Studies. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post, duties to be assumed in May, 1960. Salary scales: Lecturer - £1,148 × £49 - £1,442/£1,540 × £56 - £1,820; Assistant Lecturer - £1,001 × £49 - £1,099 plus allowances. Particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications (11 copies) to the Ag. Principal, Muslim College, Klang, Malaya, by 10 March, 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Professor of Education. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position in succession to Professor F. J. Schonell, who has been appointed Vice-Chancellor of the University. Applicants should have made a significant contribution in their chosen field. The salary of the position is £A3,500 p.a. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close with the Registrar on 31 March, 1960.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for appointment as Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in the Department of Economics and Commerce at a salary within the range £700-£850 a year for an Assistant Lecturer or £900 × £50 - £1,350 (efficiency bar) - £75 - £1,650 a year, for a Lecturer. Candidates should have a particular interest in economic theory and preferably some acquaintance with statistical method as used in economics. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 31 March, 1960.

THE University of Hull. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Accounting and an Assistant Lectureship in Government. Salary scales: Lecturer £900-£1,650; Assistant Lecturer £700-£850 per annum; with FSSU and children's allowances. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned to whom applications (five copies) should be sent by 16 March, 1960. W. D. Craig, Registrar.

NORTHERN Polytechnic, Holloway, London, N7. The Governing Body invites applications for appointment as Principal of the Northern Polytechnic. Candidates should possess high academic qualifications and appropriate educational and administrative experience. Salary scale £2,800 rising by annual increments of £100 to £3,100 per annum, plus London Allowance. In determining the commencing salary, increments, subject to the maximum of the scale, might be given to a suitable candidate. The Northern Polytechnic is a major Regional Technical College. To meet current needs and to provide for future development, a large site adjacent to the Polytechnic is now being acquired for a substantial extension. Form of application, together with full particulars, will be forwarded on request, and should be returned to me, duly completed, not later than 31 March, 1960. R. H. Currell, FCA, Clerk.

WARREN Spring Laboratory (DSIR), Gunnels Wood Road, Stevenage, Herts, requires Scientific Officers/Senior SO's for newly-formed human sciences section. Initial research topics concern (1) designs of keyboard and similar devices, with particular reference to training problems; (2) place and function of Work Study Department in firm; (3) study of supply, place and status in industry of either technicians or apprentices. Quals: 1st or 2nd Class Hons. degree in natural or social sciences; and for SSO levels at least 3 years post-graduate experience. Salary ranges: (Men) SO £615-£1,090; SSO £1,166-£1,380. Housing facilities available in Stevenage to staff of Laboratory. Forms from Ministry of Labour, Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1, quoting G.59/OA. Closing date 18 March, 1960.

HORNIMAN Museum. Museum Assistant required for Horniman Museum and Library, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23. £590-£780, commencing above minimum, if appropriate. Museum has ethnographical and zoological sections. Duties include preservation and repair of specimens, mounting and display of exhibits, lettering and mounting of illustrations, and photography. Museum experience essential, experience in handicrafts an advantage. Museums Association Diploma or Technical Certificate desirable. Application forms returnable by 19 March with details from Education Officer (Estab. 2/N), County Hall, SE1. (287)

MOTHER and Father wanted. LCC have a Roman Catholic "family" of 7 deprived children in a modern labour saving house at Langley, Bucks. The existing houseparents, a married couple, are leaving after a most rewarding period of work. Another Roman Catholic couple (the Husband following his own occupation and receiving free board in return for evening and weekend duties with the children) are urgently required. Previous experience of caring for children essential. 4 weeks leave, salary £595-£635 less £134 14s. for board lodging and laundry. Relief housemother and domestic assistance provided. Position also open to single Roman Catholic woman with Home Office Certificate in Child Care. Apply Children's Officer (CH/WDO/334), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

THE University of Leeds. Appointments Board. Applications are invited from women for the post of Administrative Assistant in the Appointments Office. The salary scale is £650 × £25 - £1,000 a year. Applicants should be qualified secretaries with some administrative experience and the possession of a degree would be an advantage. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than 12 March, 1960.

CHILD Welfare Officers. Suitably qualified men and women (including married women wishing to re-enter employment) required for number of positions of child welfare officer shortly becoming available. Candidates selected will be based on area children's offices in the County of London, and deal with reception into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption supervision and other field work associated with deprived children. As children under supervision are placed in a wide area in and around London considerable amount of travelling is involved, and ability to drive is highly desirable. Assistance towards cost of driving tuition available. Case-loads will ultimately average 50-60 each officer. Candidates should have previous experience in child care or allied social work. Possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or other appropriate academic qualifications an advantage. £665-£965 according to qualifications and experience. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Child Welfare Officer positions (£850-£1,185). Application forms and details from Children's Officer (CH/E1/215), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

THE Cumberland Council of Social Service invites applications for the post of Secretary. Salary on a scale as approved by HM Development Commission, for men £980 by £30 to £1,280 by £35 to £1,350 (for women the salary will be somewhat less but there is a pay equalisation scheme in operation). The Secretary is the responsible Executive officer of the Council. Applicants should have a genuine understanding of rural and social problems, administrative and organising ability in public services or voluntary social work, be willing to undertake evening duties throughout the county and drive a car. Application forms with full details from The Secretary, Cumberland Council of Social Service, 8 West Walls, Carlisle. Closing date for receipt of completed applications 5 March, 1960.

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Wilts. Applications invited from suitably qualified women for the post of Adoption Officer, to undertake special responsibilities under the Adoption Act, 1958. Certificate of the Central Training Council in Child Care and/or a Social Science qualification desirable and experience in adoption work essential. Salary APT II (£765 to £880). Application forms with full details from the Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 14 March, 1960.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Child Care Officers. Applications are invited from men and women for appointment as Child Care Officers, salary scale £765-£880 (APTD II). Candidates should have the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a university qualification in Social Science with experience in the Child Care field. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two referees, should be sent not later than 7 March, 1960, to the Children's Officer, Holly House, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

ESSEX. Appointment of Unattached Youth Warden. Applications are invited for the post of full-time Unattached Warden for duties as required at the Committee's Youth Centres. Candidates should hold a Degree, Social Science Diploma or Teacher's Certificate, and must have had experience in youth work. Salary in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scales for full-time Wardens of Youth Centres, viz. £925 × £30 (6) × £20 (1) to £1,125 per annum, plus a special non-pensionable travelling allowance of £40 per annum. The scale is subject to additions for training and graduate qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Salary Report conditions. Previous experience will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary. Further details and application form (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope) from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 11 March, 1960.

WEST Sussex Education Committee. Hazelwick School, Crawley. Head of Science Department (salary in accordance with Burnham Report - allowance £330 p.a.) required at this existing secondary modern school (900 boys and girls) which occupies two modern blocks of buildings, and which will become grammar/modern from Sept. 1960, with full range of academic and technical courses leading to University Scholarship level. Appointment from Sept. 1960. Further details and application forms from Director of Education, County Hall, Chichester, on receipt of S.A.E.

ROYAL County of Berkshire. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men for the post of Child Care Officer in the East Berkshire area, which includes Windsor. Salary APT I (£610-£765). Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, 35 Bath Road, Reading.

ESSEX. William Morrison Youth Centre, Walthamstow, E17. Applications are invited for the post of part-time Deputy-Warden to assist the full-time Warden in the general administration of this Youth Centre, and with the organisation of educational classes and social and recreative activities. Possession of a degree, teacher's certificate, Social Studies or Youth Leader's Diploma is desirable, and candidates should have had experience in youth work and/or teaching. Salary in accordance with the Committee's scale for full-time deputy wardens of Youth Centres, viz: (man) £520 × £27 10s. (16) × £40 (1) to £1,000 p.a., plus London Allowance £38 or £51 p.a. Appropriate additions to scale for training and graduate qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Report conditions. Previous experience will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary. Details and application forms (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope) may be obtained from and should be returned to the Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Forest Road, Walthamstow, E17, as soon as possible.

BURNLEY Council of Social Service and Citizens' Advice Bureau. A vacancy occurs for the post of Organising Secretary (man or woman) of the above Council. Salary £575 by £30 to £725; Social Workers' Pension Scheme. Applications with names and addresses of two referees to the Honorary Secretary, 183 Coal Clough Lane, Burnley, not later than seven days after this advertisement appears.

HILL End Hospital, St Albans. Applications are invited from experienced and qualified Psychiatric Social Workers for the post of Tutor in Social Work at the above Hospital. The successful applicant will be required to draw up a syllabus of training in social work for qualified psychiatric nurses. The purpose of the scheme is to train staff in social service to patients both after a stay in hospital and while attending as out-patients at clinics or day hospital. The salary will be on the scale £665 to £895 and Whitley conditions of service will apply. If full-time the successful candidate should be willing to undertake some psychiatric social work with patients and a car will be made available for this purpose, but applications for part-time employment as tutor only will also be considered. Applications in writing giving age and experience and stating whether full or part-time appointment is applied for together with the names of two referees to be sent to: Hill End Hospital, St Albans, Herts, as soon as possible.

DEVON County Council require Psychiatric Social Workers for Child Guidance Service. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate or the equivalent but students in training may apply. Whitley Council Scales and conditions. Details and application forms, returnable by 12 March, from Principal School Medical Officer, 45 St David's Hill, Exeter.

GROUP 52 Hospital Management Committee. Applications invited for the post of Social Worker at St Ann's Hospital, Canford Cliffs, Bournemouth. Establishment is for a single-handed Psychiatric Social Worker, but an applicant with a Social Science qualification and suitable experience will be considered. Normal Whitley Council salary and conditions. This hospital (700 beds) is for the admission of neurosis cases—there is also considerable out-patient work. Full details and names of two referees should be sent to the Physician in Charge.

CITY of Birmingham. Housing Management Department. Assistant Matron required for Ruskin House Residential Hostel, St Mary's Row, Birmingham, accommodating up to 80 women. Salary £300 per annum plus quarters and full board. Pensionable. Medical Examination. Applications in writing, giving details of experience etc., to J. P. Macey, Housing Manager, Rush House, Broad St, Birmingham, 1.

FAMILY Service Units now has 11 Units in London and provincial cities and further extensions are planned. There are vacancies, resident and non-resident, for both men and women family caseworkers, including some senior posts. Salaries range from £525 p.a. for beginning caseworkers to £940 p.a. (maximum) for casework supervisors. Children's allowances. Students and experienced social workers who would like to know more about the possibility of taking part in FSU's work are invited to get in touch with the Organising Secretary, David Jones, at 25 St Mary's Grove, N1.

CATHOLIC Professional Social Worker required to join small team working for Unmarried Mother and Child. Wide field for enthusiasm and initiative. Salary related to APT. Superannuation scheme. 5 day week. Apply Administrator, Crusade of Rescue, 73 St Charles Sq., London, W10.

SMALL Boarding School for Maladjusted boys requires: (1) A female secretary with some knowledge of book keeping. (2) An Assistant Cook. (3) An Assistant Housemother. All posts resident. 6 weeks holiday. Salary according to age and experience. Rewarding work for someone who loves children and willing to work in a pleasant community atmosphere. Apply giving names of two referees to the Headmaster, Bodenham Manor School, Nr Hereford.

CAPABLE woman to help with junior children in small residential school. Out of school activities, and assistant matron's duties. Eight weeks' holiday a year. Bedsitting room. Car driver and country lover essential. Write to Principal, Adlestrop Park, nr Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, Herts (Co-educational Boarding and Day School; 400 pupils ages 3 to 19 (Senior School 280) and a full teaching staff of 40 men and women). The Headmaster invites applications for the following posts. This is a demanding School Community with scope for men and women teachers of vigour with ideas and ideals. Burnham Scale; Government Superannuation. (1) For May or September: Mistress to teach Girls' Physical Education throughout the school. Tennis and Lacrosse are the main games. (2) For September: Senior History Master or Mistress. This post involves overall responsibility for the teaching of the subject throughout the Senior School, from age 11 to University Scholarship standard. An interest in International Affairs is looked for. (3) For September: Resident Master (single) to take Junior School Woodwork and help with Games. For this post formal teaching qualifications, though not despised, are less important than enthusiasm and willingness to learn.

LONDON, NW11. Chemistry teacher to 'A' level (part- or full-time) wanted Sept., 1960. Small groups; newly equipped labs. Recognised co-educational day school. Burnham (London). Apply in writing: Headmaster, King Alfred School, North End Rd.

SCHOLARSHIPS for Women Trade Unionists of 20-40 for year's residential course in political theory, economics, history, etc. for personal development and towards professional training. Award by essay and interview. Other grants available. Recognised by Ministry of Education. Consult Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

EDUCATIONAL Organiser wanted. Organiser for East of Scotland (centre Edinburgh). Must be able to lecture on several NCLC subjects. Salary £620 rising to £725. Commencing rate dependent on qualifications and experience. Removal allowance; four weeks' annual holiday; superannuation scheme. Apply to J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Secy., National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

HOSTESS under 48 years with good education and administrative experience reqd. to manage new block of flatlets in Coventry. Secretarial or Domestic Science qualification an asset. Furnished flat and salary from £500 p.a. according to experience. Pension scheme, 6 weeks holiday. Apply in writing to The Director of Personnel, YWCA National Offices, 108 Baker Street, London, W1.

EXCEPTIONALLY happy girls' preparatory school in Hampshire requires qualified Kindergarten or 7-9 age group Mistress under 40 in May. Ideal conditions. Write Box 2404.

CAMBRIDGE 10 July-7 Sept. Resident married couple required to conduct and supervise short residential summer courses for foreign students. One or both to teach. Experience of teaching English as foreign language essential. Write: DOS., Davies's, 62 Bateman Street, Cambridge.

PERSONNEL Department. Lady in early 20's required for general duties, including interviewing. Social Science degree or similar training desirable. Apply Personnel Manager, Phoenix Telephone & Electric Works Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, NW9.

LEADING London publishers for industrial/commercial concerns have two vacancies for journalists (m. and f.) in their twenties, with good experience of writing varied features for magazines/trade journals. The positions are progressive both in scope and salary. Successful applicants will be enthusiastic, well-educated, of good appearance, able to mix at all levels, and confident of ability to control the creation of a story in style and content. Details to Box 2459.

DIRECTOR (male or female) required to develop and control new typing/duplicating department of well-known London Employment Agency. Typing essential. Excellent salary, exceptional prospects. Solicitors' agreement. Investment £500-£1,000. Details please, of age, experience and present salary to Box 2356.

THE Progressive English Group urgently needs another teacher of English to foreigners on permanent staff, also an intelligent girl typist, both minus the 'I'm-all-right-Jack, 9-5' mentality. Everyone works hard here because it's fun, most of the time. Salaries generous. But will cranks, amateurs and the aged please, please refrain from applying? Write only to The Principal, James Shorrocks, 126 Boundary Road, London, NW8.

YOUNG graduate, male or female, required for teaching post, min. age 24. Please apply with outline of previous career and photo to Berlitz School, Hamburg 1, Spitalerstrasse 1, Germany.

MASS-Observation would like to hear from psychologists interested in depth-interviewing. Occasional assignments. Details of qualifications/experience to 148 Cromwell Road, London, SW7.

ASSISTANT cook reqd. grammar boarding school for maladjusted boys. Progressive atmosphere. JIC Scale. Participation in social life of school. Apply Red Hill School, East Sutton, nr Maidstone, Kent.

WANTED two girls for kitchen work and waiting for summer season, also assistant cook, small friendly camp. Woodlands Holiday Camp, nr Sevenoaks, Kent.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SHORTHAND - Typing and Juvenile Delinquency do not appear to be very closely linked. But if you are concerned about social problems - and about the very topical problem of delinquency in particular - and you are a competent shorthand-typist you will be interested in a position of shorthand-typist now vacant at Stamford House Boys' Classifying Centre and Remand Home, Goldhawk Road, W12. The post calls for a mature outlook and qualities of tact and discretion as the successful applicant will be employed on confidential work with the Centre's Superintendent and psychiatric team. Weekly rate of pay starts according to age - e.g. £11 4s. at 30 years rising, subject to proficiency standard to £12 15s. Application forms from the Children's Officer (E.1/373), L.C.C., County Hall, SE1 (returnable by 5 March, 1960).

ADVERTISING. A capable secretary aged between 35 and 45 is required by lady Director/Executive of leading London (W1) Advertising Agency. Good shorthand/typing, orderliness and a calm disposition are essential qualifications. If you are interested please telephone Miss McLellan at MUSeum 5050.

SECRETARY required by Editor of SCM Press. Good speeds essential. Write: 58 Bloomsbury Street, WC1.

SEC. S/T., 20/21, educated & travelled, for well-known publisher W1. £9 10s./£10. Good hours & l.v.'s. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

INTERNATIONAL Voluntary Service, the British branch of Service Civil International, urgently requires part-time shorthand typist. Post suitable for married woman. Ring EUS. 3195 for details.

PART-time Secretarial Assistant required by professional society in Central London. Mornings (Monday-Friday) or three mornings and two afternoons. Good education and shorthand and typing speeds essential. Salary £325 per annum. Box 2619.

PUBLISHER W1 needs reliable typists, copy-invoice; also one vacancy varied duties incl. shorthand, reception, small switchbd. Age 24 plus preferred. Education and serious outlook encouraged. 9 a.m. punctually, no Sats. L.V.'s. Phone Manager WEL. 6888.

INTELLIGENT and adaptable shorthand typist/clerical assistant for interesting and varied work in reception office of I.C.S. Education Department, 13 Soho Square, W1.: 5 day week, £10 3s. at 24 (merit grade £10 13s.). Tel. GER. 0925.

THE Better job for the Better girl. Contact Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

AT any age nothing is more important than the right career. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, London, W1. WELbeck 8017.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YNG writer (20) in publishing, desires job in another part of world. Box 2384.

YOUNG man (35), practical experience with animals, bookselling & photography sks employment. London. Box 2349.

INTELLIGENT young man, 24, seeks interesting employment. Box 2537.

INTELL. man lacking specific quals sks posn. Full/part-time. Own car. Any proposition consid. Ldn/Middx. Box 2463.

USEFUL, interesting job (preferably part-time) wanted by woman (40). Organisational, clerical and catering experience; also been in business. Box 2414.

SOCIAL Science student m. 25, impecunious, reqs interesting post from 10-30 July &/or 29 Aug.-Oct. Resid. Ldn. Willing to travel, suggestions welcome. Box 2641.

DOCTOR'S widow, Indian, intelligent, personable, well-educated, business exper., enterprising, yng son at school; high refs; sks influential financing partner, or remunerative employment. Box 2606.

INTG part-time post reqd by yng married woman, first-class secretarial exper., medical & editorial, languages. Box 2666.

VERSATILE, responsible woman, 40, sks any position providing house. Exptl house-mother, also babies. Colloquial French, German, mod. typing, some hill farming. Flair interior decoration, dress design. Rural Essex pref; not essen. Good refs. Box 2639.

FELLOWSHIP

University of Bristol

FELLOWSHIP IN DRAMA

The University invites applications for the above Fellowship from University graduates of a few years' standing who can submit evidence of ability in the writing of plays and who wish to devote a year of study to this interest. The Fellowship is tenable for the single Academic year 1960-61 which runs from 1 August, 1960, to 31 July, 1961. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar of the University with whom applications must be lodged by 1 May.

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

THE FACULTIES OF SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY AND MEDICINE

Postgraduate Scholarships

Applications are invited for not more than three Postgraduate Research Scholarships tenable at the University of Leeds by graduates of other Universities. These Scholarships, each of the value of £360 a year plus fees, will be tenable from 1 October, 1960, for advanced study or research in the Faculties of Science, Technology and Medicine, and will be renewable annually. Maximum tenure three years. Applications (including those of students who will graduate in June, 1960) should be submitted on forms obtainable from The Registrar, The University, Leeds 2. Closing date: 1 May, 1960.

THE French Government is offering a number of scholarships to British students for research work in their own field of study, for periods of 2 to 10 months in France during the next academic year. Apply to M. Denis Girard, Cultural Attaché, French Embassy, 22 Wilton Crescent, SW1, before 5 March.

FRENSHAM Heights, Farnham, Surrey (Co-educational Boarding School). £200 per annum available for two scholarships (one may be for music) to be awarded to boys or girls aged 11-13½ years on 1 September, 1960. Examination in March. Details from the Headmaster.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting - The Annual competition for five Open Entrance Scholarships will be held at the end of April. These are available for men or women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards are tenable for four years. Write for details to: Secretary, Byam Shaw School, Campden St, London, W8, before the end of March.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

A HIGHGATE Montessori Kindergarten. Approved MOH. 2½-5 yrs. Open all year. MOU. 0956.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

PARENTS requiring detailed and up-to-date information on schools and careers for boys should consult 'The Public and Preparatory Schools Year Book 1960'. This is the official reference book of the Headmasters' Conference and of the Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, and is obtainable from A. & C. Black Ltd., 4 Soho Square, London, W1, and all booksellers. 25s. net (26s. 9d. incld postage).

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship. Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., obtainable from Sec., Wynstones School, Waddon, Glos.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

HAMPSTEAD. Newly decorated, twin divans, built-in kit'ette. El., hot water, gas ckg, elec. fire. Completely equipped. Phone, use gdn. Colour unimportant. 55s. p.w. HOL. 6237, not Fri.

S/C. furn. flat, b/s.-room, kit. Quiet house, moderate rent. LAD. 3031.

PUTNEY. Furn. b/s., h. & c. basin, gas fire, ring. 2 mins bus stop. PUT. 1470.

ATTRACTIVE furn. flatlet, 1 lady. Sep. kitchen. Own landing. Share bath, phone. Close tube, buses. 3 gns. TUL. 3487.

HIGHBURY, easy reach City and W.E. Furn. flat, kit./din., constant h.w., bedroom (2 single divans), bedsitter (single divan). Suit married couple with teenager or friend. £5 p.w. Refs. CAN. 7381.

KEW Gdns. Sunny furn. rm for person (m) able tolerate music prac. Box 2535.

PRIMROSE Hill. B/s., ckg facs, bath. £2 15s. EUS. 3020 evngs or wkends.

B/S.-room, small dining room, comfortable private, quiet house. SPE. 7684.

RESID or holiday accom. Shared rooms in mixed Intern. Hostel. Dorm. accom. for parties avail. March, May, June and July. Lounge, library, assembly hall, large garden. Apply to: Warden, 'Peace Haven', Creswick Road, Acton, W3.

PERSONAL Accommodation Services Ltd, provide a selective service to all flat-hunters at low cost by seeing all flats and rooms in Hampstead and nearby and phoning you with relevant details. 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027 (10-7).

SMALL furnished bedroom & living-room in doctor's house. Suit one person. H & c, gas fire, cooker, linen, etc., own meter. £4. CAN. 4554.

FURN. sgle rm, Maida Vale mans. flat, use k. & b., cleaning. CUN. 8833.

PLEASANT single flatlet, tiny kitchenette, suit business lady. Charming house off West Hill, SW18. £2 15s. VANdyke 7769.

SPACIOUS garden-flr b/s. for lady. Share kit'ette. Crocks, cutlery, baths inc. 2 gns. p.w. Nr. Tubes. EALing 4352.

COMF. furn. sgle b/sit.-room, gas or oil htg, use k. & b., linen supplied. Service by arrangement. PAD. 8140.

SUNNY furn. divan-room available for young woman. 45s. includes service. Reduction for baby-sitting. MOU. 5916.

CONGENIAL atmosphere. One sgle rm 50s. HAM 8109 after 4 or wkends. Also small 1 rm flatlet nr Baker St. AMB. 9892.

S/C. maisonette, six rooms, 5½ gns incl. Decs. £100. WILlesden 7108.

SAVE £1,000 - Partner urgently wanted to buy house (London) view conversion 2 s/c flats (own occupation). FIT. 1094 or write Box 3019.

UNFURN. ground floor s/c. flat, perfect decorative order. Suit middle-aged couple. 6 gns. incl. Wembley. ARNold 7294.

GOLDERS Green. Two comfortable, furnished rooms in pleasant modern house. Own cooking facilities. £3 p.w. SPE. 7576.

'CHEZ cochons': newly dec. single 2-rm attic flat. 3 gns. MAC. 5734.

NW3, 1/2 lge unf./f. rms for prof. wom. in mod. flat by Heath. Box 2669.

PLEASANT furn. b/s. N10, offd by yng couple 2 children in return 10 hrs housework wkly & occas. baby-sit. TUD 3581.

HAM. 3352 for attrac. sgle 78s. 6d., dble 87s. 6d. flatlet house Hampstead.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

CHARMING old Welsh cottage, wonderful views Cadir Idris, close village, 2 miles Dolgelley. Sleep 4, elec. light, tel., garage. 9 gns wkly. Vacant 13 Apr.-21 May, 29 May-11 June, 25 June-9 July. Box 2549.

RATHER primitive bungalow on banks of Helford River. £5 weekly April to October. Parker, Helford, Helston.

DARTMOOR Farm. Small, s/c., fully-furn. flat 2/4 persons. Garage. Elford Town Farm, Yelverton, S. Devon.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—cont'd

LOOE, Cornwall. S/c. part of large mod. farm house. Modern cons. Electricity. Garages. Interior sprung mattresses. Sea views. Three beaches: three miles, Golf, one mile. Apply: Hill, Cleese, Looe.

FURN. sea/country hol. acc., own kit. Bathrm. C.h.w. Sleep six, Lge country hse beneath S. Downs nr Brighton. From Easter. 9/15 gns. Box 2550.

W. SCOTLAND: Furn. cottage, sleep 6, - nr Lochaline, Argyll. Free May, beg. June, July. Creighton, St Patrick's Hall, Reading.

ANGLESEY: cottage to let, sleep 6½. Elec., views. May/June/July. Box 2385.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

DR'S family sks seaside country cott. Sl. 5, reas. rent. 23 July-7 Sept. Box 2387.

WANTED. Furnished house, 4 bedrooms, London Suburbs. July & Aug. Samuals, Gills Farm, Ilfracombe. Phone 1046.

YNG lady reqs acc. N Lon Facs. prac. bassoon. Limited means. Box 2425.

PROF. woman, away wkends, reqs b/s. rm, use kit. quiet hse. NW3. Box 2668.

YOUNG American author, married, desires very economical fully furn. flat with bedrm, lounge, kit., bath, convenient Central London, from April-June. B.S., 20 Beaconsfield Rd, Bristol, 8.

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Social Changes in Britain : ART by Niky

LECTURES, etc—contd from p.316

ART Brains Trust: Eric Newton, Michael Ayrton, Gladys Anderson Question-master: Rooney Pelletier. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1 (nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave.). Tues., 1 March, 8.30 (arr. Finsbury Art Group). Non-members 1s .6d

AMERICAN Embassy USIS Lectures. 'The Background of America's Present World Position'. Thurs. 3 March, 8 p.m. 41 Grosvenor Sq. Michael Howard (Lecturer in War Studies at the University of London King's College) speaks on 'The Influence of Military Considerations on American Foreign Policy'.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues 7.15 p.m. 1 March. Mrs Anneliese Walker, 'Mental Health III: The Ministry of the Arts'

COFFEE and Social Evening. New Jewish Society - members only. Simon Marks Rm, 108 Baker St, W1. Wed. 2 Mar. 8 p.m.

'15TH Century Costume' - illus. talk by Margaret Wood, MA, D.Lit., FSA. Church House, Westminster, 3 March. 7.45 All welc. For mem. details Richard III Socy write Hon Sec., 39 Lennox Gdns, SW1

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun., 11 a.m., 28 Feb. Miss Kathleen Nott, 'Academic Philosophers and Moral Issues' Write for Free 'Monthly Record' Chamber Music Concert. 6.30 p.m.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 28 Feb., 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Building a Humanist Movement' M. L. Burnet.

'DEATH and Rebirth' Public Lecture 28 Feb., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun 28 Feb. 5 Caledonian Rd, King's X. Arlo Tatum: Religion and Reality

BUDDHIST Society, Special Public Lecture, Caxton Hall, SW1, Wed., 2 March, 6.30: 'The Destiny of Man in Buddhism' U Maung Maung Ji. Also at 58 Eccleston Square, SW1, Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea—open to all), 5 Mar., 3 p.m. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way' Information TAT. 1313.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Mukhyananda at Centre, Tuesdays, 7.30, Discourse Thurs., 3 Mar., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Physical Basis of Spirituality' Mag. 2s 6d.

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Details from:

The Maria Montessori Training Organisation,

1 Park Crescent, London, W1.

Tel. MUSeum 7425

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'The Intolerable Wrestle with Words' will be delivered by Professor R. Quirk (Durham) at 5.30 p.m. on 7 and 8 March at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

ST JAMES' Academy, 283 Oxford Street, Oxford Circus, W1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive full- and part-time Secretarial Courses start 28 March and 3 October, 1960. Also attractive Language Courses and English for Continentals. Small groups - remarkable results.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

'NEW Paths in Science'. Eminent scientists discuss recent achievements in terms intelligible to the layman. 6 public lectures (with questions and discussion) Tues. 6.30 begin 1 March. Elementary Particles of Nature (Prof. P. M. S. Blackett), Surgery (Sir Ian Aird), Chemistry (Dr Magnus Pyke). Rockets and Satellites (Dr G. V. Groves), 'Avionics' (Dr R. Cockburn), The Biologist's Point of View (Prof. W. S. Bullough). Course ticket 7s. 6d. Details from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1. (WAT. 6872).

'YOUTH to the Rescue' Can we find suitable outlets for the growing desire of young people to give practical relief to those in need, both here and abroad? The problems and possibilities will be discussed at a conference at Furzedown Training College, Welham Road, SW17 from 8 to 10 April, under the auspices of the United Nations Association. Speakers will include Hans Muller (UNESCO), Alec Dickson (VSO), Jean Inebnit and representatives of chief work camp organisations in this country. Further particulars from UNA, International Service Department, 25 Charles Street, W1.

BRAZILIAN Portuguese. A part-time Course sponsored by the Brazilian Government Trade Bureau, will commence 7 March, 1960. Further details from Principal, Language Tuition Centre, 26-32 Oxford Street, W1

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees/Diplomas; Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees, Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894)

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FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes, private lessons. Beginners to Advanced, all with French teachers. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, WC2. (opposite Garrick Theatre) TRAfalgar 2044

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club. 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FOREIGN Students of English who are looking for expert tuition should consider Brighton and Hove, where they will find 'the best climate in England', a lively and interesting environment, better and more economical living conditions. Only one hour from London. Particulars: The St Giles School of English, 18 Cromwell Rd, Hove, Brighton. Tel.: Hove 31684

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RUSSIAN: Beginners' 18-Lesson Postal Course with individual tutorial help. G. Write Dept VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est 1894)

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Spanish. Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. COV. 0754.

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FOR Yoga classes and correspondence course, please write to Yoga Centre, 13 Hampstead Hill Gardens, NW3

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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2 March at 7.30	Lucia di Lammermoor

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1 March at 8.0	Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund Gala
3 March at 2.15 & 7.30	Ballabile, Giselle

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3 March	Don Pasquale
5 March	The Merry Widow

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Group Eight
with the support of the
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THE TIDE
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Producer: Roland Holt-Wilson
and
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Producer: Peter Harwood

Edward Byles	Donald Campbell
John Cameron	Mary Iling
Julian Moyle	Jeannette Sinclair

THE CONWAY ENSEMBLE
Conductor: Myer Fredman
Tickets: 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s. from Box Office. (TER. 7070)

OPERA Circle. 'Lucia di Lammermoor'. Sun. 28 Feb. 8 p.m., 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Soloists: June Bronhill, André Turp, John Shaw. Piano: Robert Keys. Intro. by Lionel Dunlop. Details: Hon Sec, WES 7513

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. List pfs. 5 & 8. 'A Moon for the Misbegotten'. Mems

IN-STAGE: 'Under The Influence'. A Variety in Hi-Style. 'Exhilarating Display', Times. Fridays at 8 p.m. Admission free. 9 Fitzroy Sq., W1

IRVING. Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 4-yr Cont. Revue from 2.30, Sun. 4. 66th week 13th ed. Mems

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. 'The Lily White Boys' 'A musical to remember'. Ends 5 Mar.

TH. Royal, E.15. MAR. 5973. 8. S. 5, 8.0. 'The Long & The Short & The Tall'

TOWER, 7.30 25, 26, 27 Feb: Euripides 'The Bacchae'. New trans by Neil Currie. With T. Williams 'Something Unspoken'. 4, 5, 6 (mems), 10, 11, 12 Mar: Marlowe's 'The Jew of Malta'. Book now: CAN. 3475 (9-6) and CAN. 5111 (6-8.30) Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Closed for redec. Opens 4 March. 'The Big Win'

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet St, WC1. 'Shut Up and Sing' a new Musical by Caryl Brahms and Ned Sherrin. 2.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. 29 Feb., 1 & 2 March

CONCERTS

QUINTETTO Chigiano - Sun. 28 Feb at 3, Royal Festival Hall. Quintets by Boccherini, Shostakovich, Schumann Tkts: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s. WAT. 3191

CONCERTS—continued

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. 4th of 6 Bach concerts. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm. Sat. 5 Mar. 8.15. WAT. 3191

DOMAINE Musical' 92nd Concert of French Music. Morley College, SE1. Fri., 11 March, at 7.30. Works by Debussy, Boulez, Ballif, Martinet. Tkts 5s. at doors.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns) The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U)

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. 12 Films by Ingmar Bergman. Until 28 Feb 'Summer Interlude' (A). From 29 Feb 'Waiting Women' (X).

CHINESE Colour Film, 'New Year Sacrifice'. Refreshments. Saturday, 5 March, 8 p.m. at Lascelles Girls' School, Porlock Avenue, West Harrow. Presented by Britain-China Friendship Association, Hendon, Harrow & District Branch. Tickets 1s. 6d., available at door or EDGware 3036.

RAM Gopal, The World Famous Indian Dancer with Company of Dancers, Singers and Musicians presented by the Asian Music Circle St Pancras Town Hall. Three performances 29 Feb., 1 & 2 March at 7.30 p.m. Tkts: 12s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Box Office. TER. 7070

DANCE at Hampstead Town Hall, Hamp Labour Party & Cen. Lon. Fabian Socy, Sat., 5 March. Dancing 8-11.30 to Steve Allen's Band. Tickets 4s. at door

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Don Simmons' Group. Today, Saturday, 27 February, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. Guests 5s. Non-Members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

DANCE, Sat. 27 Feb., 7.30 p.m. Admn 4s. S. Place Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Everyone cordially welcomed.

COME to S. African Boycott Dance at 'Paso Por Aqui', 64 Heath Street, Hampstead, tonight Friday, 26th, at 8 p.m. Entrance 7s. 6d

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED'S new reproduction at this moment being printed Ben Nicholson 'St Ives Roof-tops' Details of full range from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Henrion 'Things and Symbols' Exhibition of a General Consultant Designer's Work. Extended to 19 March. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1 Admission 1s. Members free.

MARLBOROUGH Fine Art Ltd, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important Watercolours and Drawings and Contemporary Sculpture. 23 Feb. (for 4 weeks). 10-5 p.m. Sats. 10-12.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Osborne - Paintings. Opens Tuesday, 1 March. Until 25 March. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Anthony Whishaw. Oils Graham Sutherland: Early gouaches (Wkdays 10-5.30. Sats 10-1). Closing 27 Feb

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Pl., Marble Arch, W2 Bakic - sculpture, Picelj - paintings, Srnec - paintings. Yugoslav Artists, till 29 February, 10-6.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Keith Vaughan Recent paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Till 19 March. 142 New Bond St, W1

RWS Galleries, 26 Conduit Street, W1. Royal Society of Painter-Etchers & Engravers. Annual Exhibition 29 Feb.-24 March. 10-5. Sats 10-1. Admn 1s.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1 PAD 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House) New and old paintings from China, reproductions antique pottery, etc 10-7 ex Thurs. Sun.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1 Recent Paintings by Avray Wilson: & Selected French Paintings. Hours 10-6, Sats 10-1. Exhibition closes 18 March

WADDINGTON Galleries Recent paintings Trevor Bell 10-6. Sats 10-1 7 Cork Street, W1

EXHIBITIONS—continued

RBA Galleries, Suffolk St, SW1 Women's International Art Club Annual Exhibition. Special section: American Artists from Europe. Works lent through the co-operation of the United States Information Service. Closing 4 March. Weekdays 10-5 Weds & Fris 10-7 Admission 1s 6d

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6 MOU 4917 Opening Exhib., 2 Sciptrs & 2 Paintrs Laurence Josephs, Paul Hamann, Alfred Harris & Henry Sanders Dly incl Sats 10-5.30 Th 10-1.

CONTEMPORARY Polish Graphic Art Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1 Till 19 March Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

FRENCH 18th Century Furniture Design Drawings from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq, SW1 Till 19 Mar., Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thrs. 10-8. Ad. 1s.

EVA Hauser Gallery, 281a Finchley Rd, NW3 Leslie Dyer 22 Feb.-19 March Daily 9.30-6, Thurs 9.30-1

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1960 Weekdays 11-6, Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays Admission free Adjoins Aldgate East Station

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1 MAYfair 4419 Commonwealth Students Exhibition. From 29 Feb.-19 March. 10-6. Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery International Choice Twentieth Century Paintings and Sculpture 6 Duke Street, St James's

PORTAL Gallery, 16a Grafton St, Bond St, W1 Pigs: McCannell & Daniels

FOUR-One an exhibition of paintings by Michael Fussell, Patrick Hayman, Jack Smith, Evelyn Williams, with sculpture by George Fullard 7-27 Feb S Ldn Art Gall Peckham Rd, SE5 Dly 10-6 Suns 3-6

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9 5s Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq. W1

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1 The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century. Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri. 10-5 Free

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

DANILO DOLCI
visits Britain

25 FEB CAMBRIDGE
Union Debating Chamber, 3 p.m.
29 FEB NOTTINGHAM
Co-operative Centre, Broad St, 7.30 p.m.
1 MAR EDINBURGH
University Chaplaincy Centre, Forrest Rd, 7.30 p.m.
2 MAR NEWCASTLE
YMCA, Blackett St, 7.30 p.m.
3 MAR LEEDS
Riley Smith Hall, University Union, 1 p.m.
3 MAR BIRMINGHAM
Friends Meeting House, Bull Street, 7.30 p.m.
4 MAR BIRMINGHAM
University Union, Edgbaston, 1.30 p.m.
4 MAR MANCHESTER
Friends Meeting House, Mount St, 7 p.m.
5 MAR LIVERPOOL
Friends Meeting House, Hunter St, 7 p.m.

Danilo Dolci Committee, 29 Gt James St, London, WC1 CHA 3228

SUNDAY, 28 Feb., at 7.30 p.m.: 'Jewish-Arab Association for Peace and Equality'. Mr Rustum Bastuni, Arab leader of the Mapam Party in Israel, and Editor of 'New Outlook', and Mr Anthony Wedgwood-Benn, MP, will speak on the subject: 'The Way to Jewish-Arab Peace' Prof Norman Bentwich, OBE, will preside. At the Bonnington Hotel, Southampton Row, WC1. All welcome.

ADLERIAN Society: 'Society and Delinquency'. Guest speaker: Donald Ford, MA, JP, LCC 1 March, 7.30 p.m. punctually at Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, SW1. Non-members 2s 6d. (Students 1s.)

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Soc. Sat next 5 Mar., 2.45 p.m., at 39 Priory Rd, NW6. Hector Hawton: 'Humanism and Sex'

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON NEW LEFT CLUB
formerly Universities & Left Review Club

Monday, 29 February: 7.30 for 8 p.m. John J. Mendelson, MP: 'Germany, Re-armament & NATO'

Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W1. (Two minutes Warren St Station). Admission 2s. 6d. Members 1s.

NLR Literature & Politics Study Group. The Political Novel: Silone, 'Bread, Love and Wine': Rachel Powell. 8 p.m. 3 March, Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1

ASSOCIATION of Workers for Maladjusted Children. YWCA, Central Club, Great Russell Street, London, WC1 Sat, 5 March, 2.30 p.m. Mr E. A. R. Braithwaite (author of 'To Sir with Love') will speak on 'Maladjustment'. Visitors wel.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Some Problems in the Logic of Probabilistic Explanation' will be delivered by Professor C. G. Hempel (Harvard) at 5.30 p.m. on 8 March at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1 Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 1 Mar 'An Archaeologist visits the Belgian Congo' by Dr A. J. Arkell; 3 Mar 'Early Christian Rebels' by Dr J. R. Morris; 8 Mar 'A Middle Kingdom Fortress in the Sudan' by Professor W. B. Emery

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1 Lectures by Dr Rafael Ferreres on 'La fantasia en la literatura española' on 3 March at 6 p.m.; 'Los hermanos Quintero y su Andalucia' on 10 March at 6 p.m.; 'El teatro de Gregorio Martinez Sierra' on 17 March at 6 p.m.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1 'Literature' Mary McCarthy will answer questions put by: Rayner Heppenstall, Paul Johnson, Karl Miller. Tuesday, 1 March, at 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s 6d 'Art' Texts read simultaneously from a mobile axis. Direct projections by Bruno Munari and laquedymanorphoses by Andre Thomkins, made by the audience. Please bring scissors and a soup plate. Followed by a discussion on the exhibition 'Oeuvres d'art transformable' at Gallery One. Speakers: Richard Hamilton, Kenneth Martin, John Ernest. Thursday, 3 March, at 8.15 p.m. Members 2s 6d. Guests 5s

LONDON Schools Left Club Discussion Series. 1 Marxism 26 Feb.: Tony Cliff. 4 March: Morrie Levitas. At 5.45 p.m., 7 Carlisle St. All Schools students welcome.

MANCHESTER Left Club. Meeting on 4 March Cancelled. Additional Meeting 11 March, 7.45, Coffee House. Prof P. Blackett: 'Western Nuclear Strategy'

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11 PARk 7696 Fri., Sat 26 & 27 Feb., 8 p.m. 'Balaganchik' (A. Blok), scenes 'Boris Godunov' (A. Pushkin) by young club members, dir D. Makarova. Fri. 4 March, 8 p.m. Michael Kullmann: 'The Brothers Karamazov', Dostoevsky.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Joint meeting with Society of Labour Lawyers. K. W. Wedderburn on 'The Reform of Company Law'. Wed., 2 March, at 7.30 p.m., at Niblett Hall, Inner Temple. Visitors welcome. Details of Society from Membership Sec., 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

'IS Total Dis-armament Possible?' What do You think? Nigel Nicolson speaks at discussion meeting at National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, SW1, Tues., 1 March, at 8 p.m. UNA Westminster Branch invites you to come too.

PODALE Zion Conference, Grand Public Meeting, 27 February, 8 p.m. Adolph Tuck Hall, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, WC1. Speakers: Israel Ambassador-Designate Arthur Lourie, Joseph Almogi, MK, Secretary General Mapai-Israel Labour Party, Anthony Greenwood, MP, Dr S. Levenberg. Chairman: Harold Miller.

IWC. Public Lecture Free A. Herbert Dobbing: 'Lebanon, Problems of an Arab Democracy'. 8.30 p.m. Fri., 4 Mar., 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD 0683

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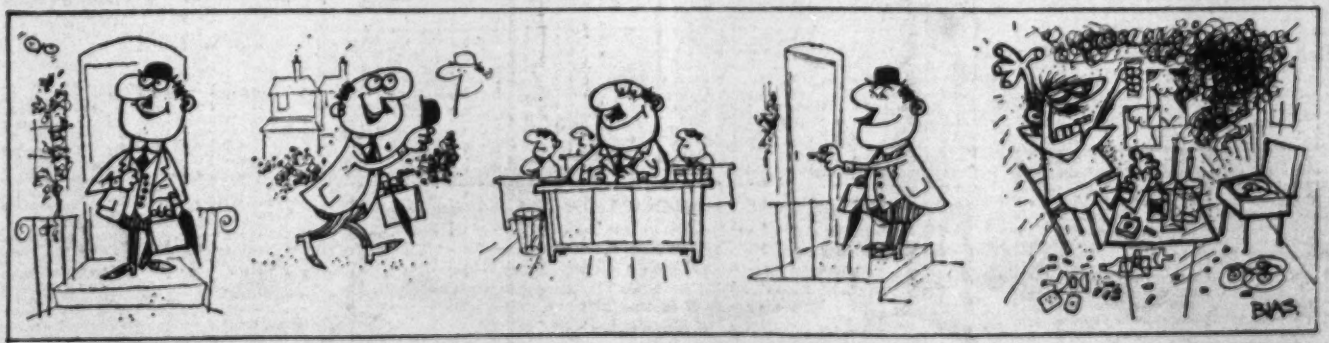

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